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THE FAITH OF OSSIAN.

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IN certain previous articles on the state of the Ossianic controversy we had an opportunity of discussing at some length the most important branches of the argument, new and old, on the question of Ossian's authenticity; but with special reference to the great matter-of-fact evidence which may now be adduced from the very geography of Western Europe—from Ireland to Iceland, including all intermediate ground—in support of his poems. Another branch of the same sort of argument, however, remains still to be investigated—that which refers to the condition of Ossian's own mind in relation to the universe at large, more especially to the atmospheric universe, without any immediate reference to time or place, as indicated in his poetry. Such relation, we maintain, is not only indicated, but very vividly embodied in his text, although Macpherson was practically unconscious of it; and if it can be fully traced and fairly systematised it will not only unfold a new phase of the poet's own nature extremely interesting to contemplate from a spiritual point of view, but will afford, at the same time, an additional argument of the loftiest kind in support of his authenticity. It is not so much, therefore, as mere matter of speculation that we propose now to investigate the faith of Ossian; but as matter-of-fact in the psychological history of the man who composed what we call Ossian's poems, and who has left in these, hitherto unrecognised, the most interesting traces of his existence.

Macpherson, in a note to Cuchullin's prayer in *Fingal* B. II.—“That if any strong spirit of heaven sat on the low-hung cloud it would turn the king's dark ships from the rock”—observes that “this is the only passage in the poem that has the appearance of religion;” by which he means belief in the saving power of some superior being who must be worshipped to insure his assistance; and in this sense it is perhaps the only distinct indication we have of such religious faith in Ossian. But there was faith enough in the influence of departed spirits—in their sympathy, foreknowledge, and aid, in all critical situations—when their friends on earth required it; and frequent communications by warnings and promises, and even by threats, are recorded between the inhabitants of the two worlds, on this understanding: which may be called the religion of spirit-relationship, and the faith of immortal affinities. Besides this, there are numerous instances, in the poems more especially which refer to the North, of superstitious rites being offered to the powers of the air, at stones or altars

consecrated to their worship by the natives ; in which, however, Fingal and his people not only decline to participate, but hold them in contempt as absurd, and openly defy the imaginary deities to whom they are offered. There is possibly, also, one trace of revelation misunderstood in the *Battle of Lora*, where the "son of the distant land," who dwelt in the secret cell, with the voice of songs, might be either a Druid or Culdee in his grove, or one of the very earliest Christian missionaries chanting psalms. "Dost thou praise the chiefs of thy land, or the spirits of the wind?" In such varieties of allusion to the invisible world, however, we have a summary of almost all that can be called religion, in the ordinary sense of that word, in the poems of Ossian. Of an Infinite Eternal Being, "in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways," he seems to have had no idea ; and no act of worship, addressed to such divine power, can anywhere be quoted from his pages.

But there was a sort of religion of his own which united him to the universe, or rather a sense of union in himself to the universe around him—essentially religious in its character, and strictly devotional in its expression—which Macpherson probably did not realise, but which is nevertheless pre-eminently worthy of recognition as a characteristic of the natural man ; and this not quite so much—

Like the poor Indian whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind ;

as like the prophet of electricity himself who stood "upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord ; but the Lord was not in the wind : and after the wind an earthquake ; but the Lord was not in the earthquake : and after the earthquake a fire ; but the Lord was not in the fire : and after the fire a still small voice," at which the prophet wrapped his face in his mantle. Ossian's religious sense, in fact, was but the profoundest realization of his own relation to the universe—to the atmospheric universe especially, which was the fountain of his life, the breath of his nostrils, the home of his departed kindred, the paradise of immortal heroes, and the only true dwelling-place of his own soul—the nearest approach to union with the unknown and invisible God, which the mere natural man was capable of attaining.

About the origin of this faith, beyond what we see indicated in the tenor of his poems, more particularly in his monologues and apostrophes, it would be foolish to dogmatise. If it came by tradition, its fountain must have been very remote ; if it was communicated by any teacher, priest, or prophet, no trace remains of such communication ; if it came by revelation—"if a spirit or an angel spake unto him, let us not fight against God !" The probability, however, seems to be that it was purely instinctive or intuitional ; the necessary and inevitable result of the finest physical organization, of the most sensitive nervous development—which connected him, not in imagination only, but in reality, with the surrounding atmosphere, as if he were part and parcel of its pervading volume—not so much a mere man, as a fragment of the firmament embodied. By such a constitution he would seem to be indeed actually identified with the air in which he lived, to rise and fall with its elevations and depres-

sions; to pass through its depths amazed, to be swept through its chambers transported, to penetrate its mysteries with awe, and to be inspired with its secrets, triumphant. Above all, he would be sensitively alive to every impending change; and his vital relation to it would be intensified by every intensification of the fluid. His very sight and hearing would be affected by it, to an extent which duller mortals could never know. Sounds and sighs of the tempest would be the speech of departed souls to him, and every swift-fleeting varied form in the clouds, awful or beautiful, would be a revelation of their presence. If to all this the deep spiritual consciousness of such a man himself be added—the power of concentration or expansion in thought, beyond mere nervous susceptibility—almost nothing else was required to constitute him the prophet of the atmosphere. What he felt physically was due to the air, and what he imagined mentally was transferred in return to the clouds; of which reciprocal action he was, perhaps, only half aware—"whether in the body, he could not tell; or whether out of the body, he could not tell"—but the result was the same; and the faith, and the hope, and the practical enlargement were the same. He might hear unspeakable words, as Paul did, which it was not possible for a man to utter; but the most of what he seemed to hear he did utter, and the substance of what he saw and felt he believed in as a divine reality. The upper world with its sunlights and its shadows, with its soft rustling breath and its scathing electrical currents, was *his* world. Though no God was there, it was all a familiar heaven to him; and though no special mansion that he knew of had been prepared for him within its precincts, it would be the welcome and eternal home of his liberated spirit—a sort of faith which, as regards the passage of the soul from earth to heaven at least, will be found on comparison to be not so very different from that of the New Testament after all, for "a cloud would receive him out of our sight." What then could the poems of such a man be, but the loftiest representations of all earthly things, and the sublimest musings on all heavenly things—so far as he could see or feel them? All meanness and puerility; all "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient," would be removed; and nothing but the deepest sorrows, or the grandest triumphs in his estimation upon earth, and the glories of an aerial existence thereafter, in the clouds above, or in the memories of men below, would remain, as we see them represented on his pages.

But is such a theory, it may be said, imaginable? It was certainly not imagined by Macpherson; and has never been suggested, so far as we are aware, by any of his traducers—although it is as legible in the text of Ossian's poems as the letters of the alphabet are in a spelling book. Does such faith amount to revelation then? To revelation through the senses, it does. It is a species of intuition, in fact, the subtlest and most suggestive, of which the mere natural man is perhaps capable, and unfolds a sort of relation between the soul and very body of a man with the earth on which he lives and the atmosphere he breathes that philosophers have not yet fully investigated, and which no poet perhaps in the world has so profoundly, yet unconsciously, illustrated. It was no discovery to him, the result of pragmatic experiment; but only a fact in his existence, which he proclaims in song without an effort, and rejoices to believe in

when all other relations cease. It is worth while at least in looking beyond the earth, or in surveying the heavens now, to listen to such an interpreter of their forces, whether we believe in his inspiration or not; and as regards the fact itself we have the teaching of Moses and Elias, of David and Isaias, of Peter, of Paul, of John, and of Jesus himself to authorise the faith of it; and if these divine, or divinely-inspired teachers could see God himself beyond the clouds, and realise the presence of the Eternal there, Ossian, at least, was more fitted than most other men, by actual experience, to accept their teaching on a practical basis.

THE CHARIOTS OF GOD: AS MEN MAY SEE THEM.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of Angels; the Lord is among them, as in Sinai in the holy place.—Ps. lxxviii.

Who maketh the clouds his chariot.—Ps. civ.

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Viewless they wheel on the floor of the ocean,

Silent they mount with no visible motion;
The breath of a zephyr can marshal and range them,

The touch of a sunbeam to glory can change them:

The Lord God of Light takes his station among them.

Softly they wend on the path of the morning,

Dew from their axles the hill-tops adorning;
Closely they muster, their shadows extending,

To shelter the desert from noon-tide impending:

The Lord God of Peace is reposing among them.

Swiftly they sweep over forest and prairie,
Lightly they roll over battlements airy;

Gulfs they surpass on cerulean bridges,
Twixt Grampian, Apennine, Lebanon ridges:

The Lord God of Battles is hasting among them.

Portentous they gather—'tis night all around them:

Heretic hosts, this array shall confound them!

Deep unto deep at their passage is calling;
Hail from their hollows, like millstones, is falling:

The Lord God of Hosts is commanding among them.

Fast on the ether His ministers bind them;
Thick fly his arrows before and behind them;

Long roll their terrors, the echoes renew them;

Loud screams the trumpet of triumph all through them:

The Lord God of Might is prevailing among them.

Bright they defile through the portal of Even,

The many ribb'd archway between earth and heaven;

Their train, as they pass, in a flood is descending;

Their wheels, in a blaze, with the rainbow are blending:

The Lord God of Grace is repenting among them.

See them to Tabor resplendently turning!
Angels around, on the summit are burning;

Mortals, asleep, in their circle are walking;
Moses, Elias, and Jesus are talking:

The Lord God of Glory is shining among them.

Quick they disperse, and round Olivet wheeling,

Settle in troops amid seraphim kneeling;
Cherubs, in harness, above them are flying;

Man has been free'd from the terror of dying:

The Lord God of Life returns heavenward among them.

Yet comes the day when this planet shall tremble—

Far from the uttermost blue they assemble;
White-winged souls, on their pathway collecting,

Shout their hosannas, His advent expecting:

The Lord God of Love shall come reigning among them.

P. HATELY WADDELL.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,
COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE 79th Highlanders, on their return from Egypt, were settled for a year at the Island of Minorca, from which they embarked for Britain, and remained till 1804. By this time, in view of further active service, Colonel Cameron was favoured with a "Letter of Service" to raise a second battalion, which he completed within a twelvemonth of the date of his missive. While the Colonel was recruiting for the completion of this battalion, a considerable amount of feeling and controversy had been abroad about superseding the kilt in the Highland regiments by the tartan trousers, and from the following correspondence between the Horse Guards and Colonel Cameron, it will be clear that an inclination to that effect had some existence:—

I am directed to request that you will state for the information of the Adjutant-General your *private* opinion as to the expediency of abolishing the kilt in Highland regiments and substituting the tartan trews, which have been represented to the Commander-in-Chief from respectable authority as an article now become acceptable to your countrymen—easier to be provided, and calculated to preserve the health and promote the comfort of the men on service.

Colonel Alan Cameron.

(Signed) HENRY THORPE.

Colonel Cameron's reply to the suggestive official above quoted, is worthy of space in the *Celtic Magazine*, notwithstanding its great length, its elaborate sentences, and discursive reasonings:—

GLASGOW, 27th October 1804.

SIR,—On my return hither, some days ago, from Stirling, I received your letter of the 13th inst. respecting the propriety of an alteration in the mode of clothing Highland regiments, in reply to which I beg to state freely and fully my sentiments upon that subject, without a particle of prejudice in either way, but merely founded upon facts as applicable to these corps—at least as far as I am capable from thirty years' experience, twenty of which I have been upon actual service in all climates with the description of men in question, which, independent of being myself a Highlander, and well knowing all the conveniences and inconveniences of our native garb in the field and otherwise; and, perhaps, also aware of the probable source and clashing motives from which the suggestions, now under consideration, originally arose. I have to observe progressively that in course of the late war several gentlemen proposed to raise Highland regiments, some for general service, but chiefly for home defence; but most of these corps were called from all quarters and thereby adulterated with every description of men that rendered them anything but real Highlanders, or even Scotchmen (which is not strictly synonymous), and the Colonels themselves generally unacquainted with the language and habits of Highlanders, while prejudiced in favour of and accustomed to wear breeches, consequently averse to that free congenial circulation of pure wholesome air (as an exhilarating native brace) which has hitherto so peculiarly befitted the Highlander for activity, and all the other necessary qualities of a soldier, whether for hardship, on scant fare, *readiness in accoutring*, or making *forced marches*, &c. Besides the exclusive advantage, when halted, of drenching his kilt in the next brook as well as washing his limbs, and drying both, as it were, by constant fanning, without injury to either; but on the contrary, feeling clean and comfortable, while the buffoon tartan pantaloons, with all its fringed frippery (as some mongrel Highlanders would have it) sticking wet and dirty to their skin, is not easily pulled off, and less so to get on again in *cases of alarm* or any other hurry, and all this time absorbing both wet and dirt, followed up by rheumatism and fevers, which ultimately make great havoc in hot and cold climates, while it consists with my knowledge that the Highlander in his native garb always appeared more cleanly, and maintained

better health in both climates than those who wore even the thick cloth pantaloons. Independent of these circumstances, I feel no hesitation in saying that the proposed alteration must have proceeded from a whimsical idea more than the real comfort of the Highland soldier, and a wish to lay aside the national martial garb, the very sight of which has upon many occasions struck the enemy with terror and confusion, and now metamorphose the Highlander from his real characteristic appearance and comfort, in an odious incompatible dress, to which it will, in my opinion, be difficult to reconcile him, as a poignant grievance to and a galling reflection upon Highland corps, as levelling that material distinction by which they have been hitherto noticed and *respected*; and from my own experience I feel well founded in saying that if anything was wanted to aid the rack-renting landlords in destroying that source which has hitherto proved so fruitful for keeping up Highland corps, it will be that of abolishing their native garb which His Royal Highness, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Adjutant-General may rest assured will prove a complete death-warrant to the recruiting service in that respect. But I sincerely hope that His Royal Highness will never acquiesce in so painful and degrading an idea (come from whatever quarter it may) as to strip us of our native garb (admitted hitherto our regimental uniform) and stuff us into a harlequin tartan pantaloons which composed of the usual quality that continues as at present worn, useful and becoming for twelve months, will not endure six weeks' fair wear as a pantaloons, and when patched makes a horrible appearance; besides that the necessary quantity to serve decently throughout the year, would become extremely expensive, but above all, would take away completely the appearance and *conceit* of a Highland soldier, in which case I would rather see him *stuffed in breeches* and abolish the distinction at once.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) ALAN CAMERON, Colonel 79th Cameron Highlanders.

To Henry Thorpe, Esq., Horse Guards, London.

The reader on perusal of this reply will be driven to the conclusion that the gallant Colonel had not strictly adhered to his promise of impartiality at the outset, at any rate it is clear that the Adjutant-General had applied to the wrong quarter for sympathy or favour for his views of abolishing the kilt as part of the uniform of Highland regiments.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Napoleon left General Menou and his army in Egypt it was to take advantage of the acclamation in his favour by the Republic of France, whose directors created him First Consul; which act was followed by peace known in history as that of "Amiens." But it soon became evident that it could not last. Bonaparte was bent on excluding England from all continental influence or commerce. This inimical feeling was communicated to the Court of St James; also his studied rudeness towards our Ambassador at Paris, which conduct essentially brought the two nations again into war. He ordered all British residents or travellers found in France to be seized, of whom he had 10,000 put in the prisons of the various towns; and at the same time (1805) dispatched an army to displace our Viceroy from Hanover, and another to Boulogne, there to encamp for an opportunity to cross the Channel and chastise the British. This force was entitled the "Army of England"! He next overran Italy, and was created its King, into which he introduced the conscription, and got 40,000 of its soldiers to abet his designs against Europe. He came to Boulogne and reviewed the 150,000 troops intended for the invasion, but while he was supposed to be ruminating on crossing the British Rubicon, the hostile operations by Austria took himself and his "Army of England" off rapidly to the Rhine. His victory at Austerlitz against the Russians and Austrians was more than vindicated by ours over his fleet at Trafalgar. The British nation had to lament the loss this year of two of her greatest sons—Nelson and Pitt. Public funerals were

awarded to the illustrious men ; the Naval hero being borne to St Pauls, and the Minister to Westminster Abbey.

The former lay in state for a week at Greenwich Hospital, from which he was conveyed by way of the river with a magnificent procession of royal barges and those belonging to the Guilds of the city of London (1806). From London Bridge to the Cathedral the streets were lined with troops, of whom Colonel Cameron with the 79th and 92d regiments formed a portion. In the accounts of this grand and solemn funeral in the newspapers, reference is made to the presence of the Highlanders, who appeared to have quite won the admiration of the populace.

Although the French were nearly whipped from off the seas by the bravery and skill of our Admirals, Bonaparte was carrying victory before him over all Germany. The Prussians were badly beaten at Jena, which humiliation they richly deserved for their perfidy and selfishness in deserting at an earlier period, the cause of Germany, in hopes to be assigned the Kingdom of Hanover. Their capital was occupied by Napoleon and his generals (Oct. 1806). This was the occasion when the "Berlin Decree" was issued, forbidding all intercourse with England, and use either of her manufactures or any of her produce. By the subsequent submission of Russia to his dictates, a treaty known as that of "Tilsit" (1807) was agreed upon by which their fleet and those of Sweden and Denmark were secured to Napoleon.

These repeated acts of insolence by the French against this country could no longer be permitted to pass without action, and the British Cabinet directed a powerful armament, consisting of 60 war vessels with 380 transports to carry 27,000 troops, to be secretly fitted out and sail from Yarmouth Roads for the Baltic. The land forces were under Lord Cathcart, with Sir Arthur Wellesley second in command. Colonel Cameron and the 79th formed part of the force. Arrived at Elsinore, negotiations were opened up for the delivery of the Danish fleet, under solemn engagements that it should be restored on the conclusion of a peace with France. The proposal being indignantly rejected by the Crown Prince, preparations were made to enforce it. The fleet proceeded up to Copenhagen, the troops were landed, batteries were constructed, and a bombardment was immediately commenced both by sea and land, which lasted three or four days, after which the Danish commander surrendered. Colonel Cameron, at the head of the flank companies of the army, with two brigades of artillery, was directed to take possession of Copenhagen.* The loss to the Danes during this bombardment was very considerable. The grand cathedral and its steeple was laid in ruins, and the whole of their fleet was carried off to the Thames with its stores and artillery.

Much difference of opinion prevailed as to the policy or justice of this appropriation of the navy of a neutral power. When intelligence reached Bonaparte of this decisive operation of the British it is said his rage was terrific.

The Houses of Parliament voted their thanks to the Generals, Admiral, army and navy engaged in this expedition ; and in addition,

* *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, Kelly, London,—1814.

Colonel Cameron received a special letter from Lord Cathcart, the latter part of which will be sufficient to quote—viz., "In communicating to you this most signal mark of the approbation of Parliament, allow me to add my own warmest congratulations upon a distinction which the force under your command had so great a share in obtaining for His Majesty's service, together with the assurance of the truth and regard with which I have the honour to be, &c."

Scarcely had the army returned from Denmark when another demonstration was directed towards Sweden, of which Sir John Moore had the command-in-chief, and Colonel Cameron was promoted to the command of a brigade. This was a bloodless campaign, and they returned pretty much as they went.

(To be Continued.)

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

[When the Highland system of clanship was abolished after the final fall of the Stuarts, hundreds of families left their homes for America. This was the result partly of the influx of the southern farmers, and partly because the chiefs being no longer allowed to keep vassals to carry on their feuds, had therefore no interest in retaining a large band of followers on their lands. The strength of the country was thus diminished, and many bold and patriotic men, whose ancestors had flocked round the standard of King Robert the Bruce, now left old Scotland to return no more. The following verses are supposed to be the parting adieu of an emigrant as he is leaving his native Caledonia]:

Farewell to the land of the mountain and
wood,
Farewell to the home of the brave and the
good,
My bark is afloat on the blue-rolling main,
And I ne'er shall behold thee, dear Scot-
land, again!

Adieu to the scenes of my life's early morn,
From the place of my birth I am cruelly
torn;
The tyrant oppresses the land of the free,
And leaves but the name of my sires unto
me.

Oh! home of my fathers, I bid thee adieu,
For soon will thy hill-tops retreat from
my view,
With sad drooping heart I depart from thy
shore,
To behold thy fair valleys and mountains
no more.

'Twas there that I woo'd thee, young
Flora, my wife,
When my bosom was warm in the morning
of life,

I courted thy love 'mong the heather so
brown,
And heaven did I bless when it made thee
my own.

The friends of my early years, where are
they now?
Each kind honest heart, and each brave
manly brow;
Some sleep in the churchyard from tyranny
free,
And others are crossing the ocean with me.

Lo! now on the boundless Atlantic I stray,
To a strange foreign realm I am wafted
away,
Before me as far as my vision can glance,
I see but the wave-rolling wat'ry expanse.

So farewell my country and all that is
dear,
The hour is arrived and the bark is a-stear,
I go and for ever, oh! Scotland adieu!
The land of my fathers no more I shall
view.

PETER CRERAR.

THE LATEST VERSION OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

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Writing in the March number of this Magazine the Rev. George Gilfillan describes the Massacre as "an event with which, even after a period of 200 years, all Scotland, and especially all the Highlands, ring from side to side."

Diabolical as the massacre undoubtedly was, both in its conception and execution, one would naturally suppose, as Mr Gilfillan evidently does, that the memory of it, in all its horrid details, would live, if anywhere, in Glencoe itself, and its immediate neighbourhood. Apparently, however, it does not.

Like everybody else I visited Glencoe years ago *as a tourist*. That is, I got out of the steamer at Ballachulish, scrambled with a crowd of other tourists, on to the top of a coach; was driven some distance up the Glen; walked the rest of the way, and was obliged to listen all the time to bits of Ossian badly recited by Cockneys who had "cramped" from the Guide Book for the occasion; and to various statements as to the proportion in which responsibility and culpability was attachable to the several parties connected with the massacre—from King William downwards. Every passenger on that coach had some knowledge, more or less accurate, of the facts of the case; some of us shuddered, as we strode along, at the remembrance of the atrocious crime; others viewed the Glen with interest, apart altogether from its associations—that interest which always attaches to the grand and sublime in nature; while a few joked and laughed as if MacIan had never lived, and quite unimpressed by the wild magnificence of the surroundings. Doubtless, however, had it not been for the event of 1692 we would not all, on the particular occasion referred to, have found our way up that Glen of Gloom.

I had no opportunity then of conversing with any natives, or of ascertaining from them whether any traditional account of the slaughter of the Macdonalds survived; but having, in the autumn of 1867, had occasion to pass a few days on Loch Leven side, and finding myself domiciled within a very short distance of the scene of the massacre, I being somewhat of an enquiring turn of mind, not unnaturally got into conversation on the subject with one who was born and bred in the district.

The native from whom I sought information was a man in middle life, of average intelligence, occupying a respectable and responsible position, being then, and now for aught I know, head keeper or forester on an extensive deer forest in the neighbourhood. He had not, he told me, had much "schooling," and from books he had gained no knowledge of history. This pleased me much, because having had reason to doubt the accuracy of tradition in general, it occurred to me, a good opportunity offered for testing its accuracy in this particular instance. To my enquiry, as we were tramping through the forest one day, "Did you ever hear of the Massacre of Glencoe?" the forester replied, "To be sure I did, Sir!"

And on my asking him to tell me the story as he had heard it, he narrated so curious, and to me so new a tale—the tale of a massacre in Glencoe sure enough, but not the oft told and blood-curdling tale with which the students of history are familiar, and which Mr Gilfillan has again told so well, that when we returned to the Lodge I at once got out my note-book and insisted on a fresh recital.

Gaelic was the forester's mother tongue, but my acquaintance with that language being limited, he was obliged to *put* his narrative into English. Premising that it told much better in the Gaelic, he proceeded to give me what I have ventured to call "the Latest Version of the Massacre of Glencoe."

Here it is precisely as I noted it down at the time. To alter it into the ordinary English of books would destroy, what appears to me, its charm. The forester's very words and Gaelic idioms are therefore strictly preserved.

"The rents of Glencoe, you must understand," said he, "had not been collected for some years—twenty years or more. Two men of Edinburgh, strong men, came to the man who had the land and said, 'We'll collect the rent if you give us so much.' To their proposal he agreed. They came to Glencoe in due time, and called on the first tenant and got the rent; then they went through the whole Glen, and so formidable did they look that on hearing that their friends at the head of the Glen had settled, the others all paid up. Thus prosperously did the men proceed till they come to Glen Achunnie; they asked for the rent from the farmers there, telling them that the others had paid; to be neighbourlike these farmers paid also; and the two men, with the rents of Glencoe in their pouches, went up the Glen on their way back to Edinburgh, congratulating themselves upon their success.

"Shortly after their departure one old farmer thought to himself that he had done rather a foolish thing in so easily parting with his coins, and he called his son to him and said that two days had come on Glencoe when two men from Edinburgh would take rent from the whole Glen. The son said that it was so. The father then said that they must follow them and take the rent from them yet. The son saying 'yes,' off they went, and on their way going the father, who was short in the sight, was constantly asking the son whether he was seeing the two men; but after following them seven miles the son saw them before them, and he then said to his father 'I see them.' Soon afterwards they came up to them, and the father, who was of course spokesman, said they came after them for the rents, and they would have to take the rent to Edinburgh, or them to Glencoe back. The men from Edinburgh said they would have a fight for it, and to it they set. After a short time the father killed his man, and then he sat down, took a snuff and watched his son and the other man. Determined to see fair play done he didn't interfere; he quietly took his snuff, seated all the while on a rock, and beheld the deadly strife between his only son and the 'Gall' proceed. He uttered not a word but took his snuff. The fight at length was ended by the man from Edinburgh killing the son. The father then calmly rose up, approached the stranger and said, 'Well you have killed my only son,

and if you'll sit down, rest yourself and take a snuff we'll afterwards see whether you'll take the rent to Edinburgh or I'll take it back to Glencoe.' Having rested themselves they rose and the fight at once began, and whether from the exercise of skill or coolness the old man was at length victorious, and leaving his vanquished foes on the field, after easing them of the coins, he returned to his dwelling with the rents of the Glen in his own pocket. In consequence of this conduct, and it being found impossible to recover rent or taxes—they would pay nothing at all—an order came from the King to kill the whole of them; and I suppose it was done, but one child and a woman. It was very hard to kill the whole of them too.

"I have heard that it was on Sunday night that the massacre took place. I was told that each house contained one soldier. In one was a young lad against whose heart it went very hard to kill the people in the house where he lodged, because they had shown him great kindness; he durstn't disobey orders, however; in the evening, before the day fixed for the massacre, in presence of the people he went out, and from his pouch he took a grey stone, and in the sight of the people drew his sword and struck the stone saying the while, 'Well grey stone if you knew what was going to happen this night you wouldn't lie there;' thinking that the hint would be taken by his friends, but they not understanding him did not take the advice but remained in the house; and he rose during the night, and in obedience to his orders, killed them all.

"The woman and child who escaped were hidden in the hollow of a burn, and they heard soldiers approaching. The officer in charge thinking from the look of the place that some men might be hiding there, sent a soldier to kill any one he might find; the soldier made a search, but seeing only a helpless woman and child, left them alone; and on his return, being asked, boldly said that he had found a man and had killed him.

"Many years after an old soldier arrived one day at a house in Appin, and craved and of course got a night's lodging; in the course of the evening he happened to mention that he had been one of the soldiers engaged at Glencoe.

"It came into the mind of the man of the house, when he heard this, that he would rise in the night time and kill the soldier, but he didn't. In the morning they had some more talk about Glencoe, and the soldier mentioned how he had saved a woman and child when they were hiding on the side of a burn. On hearing this the man of the house at once jumped up, embraced the soldier, crying out, 'I am the man that was that child,' and he was glad that he had not followed his first thought to arise in the night to kill him."

Penetrated by the absurdity of this story, in so far as it dealt with the origin of the massacre, I was at first inclined to doubt its genuineness as a tradition. After a good deal of cross-examination, however, and knowing the narrator to be truthful, the conviction was forced on me that such was the account of the massacre told at this day in the district, and firmly believed by my informant as well as by others. Glencoe has to a great extent ceased to be occupied by human

beings ; deer and sheep are now its tenants and occupants. The surrounding district is sparsely populated. Few, if any, among the unlettered residents have ever heard any more than my decent friend the forester, of the connection of Stair, Breadalbane, or Glenlyon with the massacre. The forester, indeed, didn't even know the name of the King, and he listened to the true account with a very incredulous smile, which clearly meant, "Don't *you* think you can get *me* to believe *that* cock and bull story!" He *looked* exactly as I *felt* during the delivery of his version.

The object of this communication is to show, strange though the statement may sound, that little is apparently known among the uneducated classes, living in the very district of its perpetration, about one of the most cold blooded and cruel murders, on a wholesale scale, ever conceived and executed by so-called civilized men. Now, however, that the schoolmaster is being introduced into all our glens and straths, and presumably into Glencoe among others, the next generation, in all probability, will know more of the historic truth than did their predecessors for several generations.

Meantime it is quite evident, tradition, in so far at any rate as regards the details of a story, cannot always be relied on after the lapse of any such period as 200 years. Tradition, however, in this particular instance has, it may be said, not had a fair chance, because there are probably few, if any, persons now living in the district whose families have, in an unbroken line, occupied holdings therein for anything like the above period.

CHARLES INNES.

Our friend, *The Highland Pioneer*, which, for the first year, has been conducted, at least in name, as "a monthly journal devoted to the consideration and advancement of all matters relating to the welfare of Highlanders at home and abroad," has thrown the "Highland" and the "Highlanders" overboard in his last issue, and now sails simply under the more cosmopolitan flag of "*The Pioneer*, an illustrated monthly journal of special interest to all." We shall make every effort to aid the discarded—not necessarily drowning—Highlanders to a shore of safety, and we hope that this throwing overboard of such an uncongenial cargo will aid the Captain of the *Pioneer* to arrive in a harbour of refuge—safe from the storms and billows of a perilous voyage—without having to throw his *whole* cargo into the sea. In any case, it is well that the interests of Highlanders are not altogether bound up with the safety of the *Pioneer*, and to sink or swim with a Captain who, on the first appearance of a storm, casts into the sea the cargo with which he first specially left the shore. We had occasion, elsewhere, to suggest a little modesty when, on our first trip, the Captain of the *Pioneer* attempted to "run us down"!!!

THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

— o —

Torlutha's* tow'rs rang to the shouts of revelry and mirth,
 Torlutha's chief a galley saw swift bounding from the north,
 Torlutha's chief and warriors rose and sought blue Corrieſin,†
 Torlutha's chief saw Morven's seer ! then still'd his warriors' din :

With broken and inconstant steps, with anguish-throbbing brow,
 On Alpin's son he weary leans, be silent warriors now,
 Be silent braves ! the Minstrel comes : he comes with solemn tread,
 Down with each shield and sword and spear, uncovered be each head :

His grey hair trembles in the breeze, his cheek is pale and wan,
 His sightless orbs to heaven are raised with grief's unvisioned scan,
 His limbs are yielding 'neath the yoke of time's remorseless years ;
 Behold the weird and hoary bard ! behold his silent tears !

Those lips which oft in other times the deeds of heroes sung,
 Or poured the battle songs of kings green Ullin's plains among,
 Or woke dark Cona's echoes deep, and Selma's sounding halls,
 Are quiv'ring songless as the oak which 'neath the tempest falls :

Those hands which shook dread Trenmor's spear by Lubar's rushing stream,
 Or swept the harp till rolling fell the heavenly music dream,
 Are shaking now, and with'ring hang bereft of ancient might,
 No more the sword to grasp again, or strike the lyre of light :

Lead him unto his father's grave ere grief his soul consumes,
 Where mighty Fingal sleeps amid a thousand heroes' tombs,
 There let him mourn unhappy days, and far off happy years,
 Let him the sward o'er Morven's king bedew with filial tears .

Where battle-scorning Oscar sleeps, lead him with tender hand,
 There let him touch the mossy stones, there let him lonely stand,
 There let him clasp the flow'rs that grow his warrior son above,
 There let him weeping kiss the spot in agony of love :

He moves a fading meteor o'er dark Lutha's‡ narrow heath,
 Where sleeps the daughter of his heart, within the house of death,
 Lead him to where her cromlech lies, he longs his tears to shed
 Upon the cold grey stone that marks his lov'd Malvina's bed :

Lead ! Lead him where the south winds blow from Ullin's distant shore,
 Still bearing on their noiseless wings his love-franght songs of yore.
 O ! let them fan his pallid cheek and whisper in his ear
 That dark-haired Eivirallin's shade still fondly hovers near :

Warriors ! around him gather ! See ! the hero-minstrel falls,
 Hark ! Hark ! from every drooping cloud a voice triumphant calls,
 The spirits of his fathers join in one far-sounding lay,
 And o'er him circle joyously to bear his soul away :

* Torlutha is Drumadoon. † Corrieſin is Fingal's landing place. ‡ Lutha is the Blackwater. All these places are in the Island of Arran, and are unquestionably the scene of Ossian's decease, and where he is buried. For further elucidation of this, all lovers of Morven's bard, nay all Scotsmen, should consult that noble tribute to Ossian's truth, and Scottish literature—viz., "Ossian and the Clyde," by Dr Hately Waddell.

Swift rushing to his ocean bed of golden-clouded fires,
The sad sun sinks in sorrow as his lover slow expires,
One ling'ring look of grief he casts, and lo ! in love's repose,
A glistering crown of living light illumines the minstrel's brows :

Moi-Lutha's oaks moan to the wind, and bow'd is every leaf ;
Dark Lutha's stream rolls fitfully and pours its song of grief.
Night's hollow blast is but a wail from every hero's grave,
Death's ghostly dirge peals mournfully from every surging wave :

Lone Selma trembles at the sound ! blue Morven hears it then !
Ghosts shriek from every mountain cave in Cona's gloomy glen !
Pale lightnings flash from every cloud ! and muffled thunders roar !
And Nature groans in agony ; her Ossian is no more !

Raise high ye braves the fun'ral pyre ! back to its source give ye
The soul that sung of heroes' deeds in deathless minstrelsy,
On to the cloudy halls where braves in glory gathered are,
Let it in majesty ascend upon its fiery car :

Raise high ye braves, The Minstrel's tomb ! where Ullin's breezes sweep,
Where ever peal the requiem songs and dirges of the deep,
Let coming ages mark the spot, let coming heroes trace,
The grey stones guarding Ossian's dust— the last of all his race.

Torlutha's tow'rs are clad in night, grief's silence brooding reigns,
Torlutha's unhelm'd warriors chant their low despairing strains,
Torlutha's chief stalks thro' his halls, and sees amid the gloom,
Dark shadows of the coming years which bode Torlutha's doom.

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANTS.

SONG.

—o—

There's sighing and sobbing in yon Highland forest ;
There's weeping and wailing in yon Highland vale,
And fitfully flashes a gleam from the ashes
Of the tenantless hearth in the home of the Gael.
There's a ship on the sea, and her white sails she's 'spreadin',
A' ready to speed to a far-distant shore ;
She may come hame again wi' the yellow gowd laden,
But the sons of Glendarra shall come back no more.

The gowan may spring by the clear-rinnin' burnie,
The cushat may coo in the green woods again :
The deer o' the mountain may drink at the fountain,
Unfettered and free as the wave on the main ;
But the pibroch they played o'er the sweet blooming heather
Is hush'd in the sound of the ocean's wild roar ;
The song and the dance they hae vanish'd thegither,
For the maids o' Glendarra shall come back no more.

ST. ANDREWS

A. V.

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN M'ARTHUR OF THE
SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS OF CAROLINA.

[CONTINUED].

The discharge of the musket was the signal to those within hearing that somebody was about. It awakened to his senses an old negro, the honest "Uncle Ned," and brought him to the edge of the "clearing," in order to satisfy his curiosity, and to see if it was "old Massa" making an uncereemonious visit to the farm of which Ned was virtually overseer. Our disconsolate party could not avoid an interview even if they would. They summoned their courage and affected to feel at ease. And truly they might, for Ned, like the class to which he belonged, would never dream of asking impertinent questions of any respectable white man, his known duty being to answer, not to ask, questions. Our weary party invited themselves to "Uncle Ned's" cabin, which stood in the edge of the clearing close by, and turned out to be a tidy log cottage. The presiding divinity of its single apartment was our kind hostess, "Aunt Lucy," Ned's better half, who felt so highly charmed and flattered by the visit of such distinguished guests that she scarcely knew what she was saying or doing. She dropt her lighted pipe on the floor, bustled and scraped and curtsied to the gentle lady over and over, and caressed the beautiful little "Missie" with emotions which bordered on questionable kindness. This ovation over, our hungry guests began to think of the chief object of their visit—getting something in the shape of warm luncheon—and with this in view they eyed with covetous interest the large flock of fine plump pullets about the door. There was fine material for a feast to begin with. The hint was given to "Aunt Lucy," and when that aged dame became conscious of the great honour thus to be conferred upon her, she at once set to work in the culinary department with a dexterity and skill of art which is incredible to those who are ignorant of the great speciality of negresses. There was sudden havoc among the poultry, and fruit and vegetables found their way from the corn field in abundant variety to the large chimney place. Meanwhile the captain shouldered his piece and brought, from an adjacent thicket, two whapping big fox squirrels to add to the variety of the feast, extorting from the faithful Ned the flattering compliment "b' gollies Boss, you is the best shot I ever see'd." Preparation is rapidly advancing, and so is the appetite of the longing expectants. But such preparation was not the work of a moment, especially, from the scantiness of Lucy's cooking utensils. So the guests thought they would withdraw for a time in order to relieve the busy cook of all ceremony, and at the same time relieve themselves of the uncomfortable reflection of three blazing fires in the chimney place. After partaking of a few slices of a delicious water melon, they retired to the shade of a tree in the yard, and there enjoyed a most refreshing nap. In due course the sumptuous meal is ready; the small table is loaded with a most substantial repast, the overplus finding a receptacle upon the board floor of the apartment which was

covered with white sand. It is needless to say that the guests discharged their duty with great gusto, notwithstanding the absence of any condiments, save pepper and salt, in their case hunger being the best sauce. Who but an epicure could grumble at the repast before them? What better than stewed fowls and squirrels, boiled rice, Indian hoe cake and yams smoking hot from the ashes, squashes, pumpkin-pies and apple dumpling, and all this followed by a course of fruit, peaches and apples, musk and water melons, all of a flavour and size inconceivable by any but the inhabitants of the sunny climes which brought them to maturity. Her ladyship could not help making the contrast with a service of fruit upon an extra occasion in her home circle, which cost several golden guineas, and yet was not to be compared with that furnished for the merest trifle by these sable purveyors—so much for the sun rays of the latitude. There was, however, the absence of any beverage stronger than water, not even tea, a name which the humble hostess scarcely comprehended. But a good substitute was readily presented, in the form of strong coffee, without cream or sugar. It was now drawing late in the afternoon, and our party refreshed and delighted with their adventure, must begin to retrace their steps towards the canoe. The reckoning was soon settled. A few shillings, the index of the late regime of George in the colony, more than satisfied all demands, and surpassed all expectations. But the fair visitor was not content, without leaving an additional, and more pleasant memento. She took a beautiful gold ring, bearing the initials B.J.C., and placed it upon the swarthy finger of "Aunt Lucy," with many thanks and blessings for her kindness, on that eventful occasion. This kindly expression was heartily reciprocated by the negress, and responded to by a flood of tears from her eyes, and a volley of blessings from her lips. The party bade a final adieu to their entertainers, and they had to veto their pressing offer of escorting them to the river. Off they went, leaving the aged couple gazing after them, and lost in amazement as to who they could be, or whither they were going, and all the more astonished that the mysterious visitors had supplied themselves with such a load of the leavings of the repast.

The navigation was at length resumed, and onward they glide as before, without the sight of anything to obstruct their course. Their prosperous voyaging continued till about midnight, for they resolved to continue their course during the whole night, unless necessity compelled them to do otherwise. Long before this hour, the mother and child resigned themselves to sleep, which was only interrupted by occasional starts, while the indefatigable steersman watched his charge, and plied his vocation with improving expertness. At this hour again, in the dim light of the crescent moon, a second "pole boat" was discovered making towards them, but which they easily avoided by rowing to the opposite side of the river, thus continuing their course, and escaping observation. In passing the "flat" an animated conversation was overheard among the hands, from which it was easily gathered that the escape of the rebel was the engrossing topic in the town of Wilmington, the place of their departure, and towards which the rebel himself was now finding his way as fast as tide and paddle could carry him. At present, however, he felt no cause for alarm. One of the hands speaking in vulgar English accent

was heard to depone, "By George if I could only get that *prize* I'd be a happy man, and would go back again to old h-England." To this base insinuation a threatening reproof was administered by other parties, who replied in genuine Gaelic idiom and said, "It's yourself that would need to have the face and the conscience, the day that you would do that;" and they further signified their readiness to render any assistance to their brave countryman should opportunity offer. Those parties were readily recognised from their accent to be no other than Captain M'Arthur's intimate acquaintances, Sandie McDougall and Angus Ray, and who were so well qualified, from their known strength and courage, to render most valuable assistance in any cause in which their bravery might be enlisted. If he only gave them the signal of his presence they would instantly fly into his service and share his fate. However, it was deemed the wisest course to pass on, and not put their prowess to the test. Hours had now passed in successful progress without notice or interruption; and they are at long last approaching Wilmington, their sea-port, but a considerable distance from the mouth of the river. The question is how they are to pass it, whether by land or water, for it is now approaching towards day. What is to be done must be done without a moment's delay. It is at length resolved to hazard the chance of passing it by canoe rather than encountering the untried perils of a dismal swamp. The daring leader puts his utmost strength to the test, striking the water right and left with excited vigour. His feeling is "now or never;" for he knew this to be the most critical position of his whole route; unless he could get past it before break of day his case was hopeless. The dreaded town is at length in view, engendering fear and terror, but not despair. Several large crafts are seen lying at the wharf, and lights are reflected from adjacent shipping offices. Two small boats are observed crossing the river, and in rather uncomfortable proximity. With these exceptions the inhabitants are evidently in the enjoyment of undisturbed repose, and quite unconscious of the phenomenon of such a notorious personage passing their doors with triumphant success. Scarcely a word was heard, it was like a city of the dead. Who can imagine the internal raptures of our lucky hero, on leaving behind him, in the distance, that spot upon which his fate was suspended, and in having the consciousness that he is now not far from the goal of safety. Even now there are signals which cheer his heart. He begins already to inhale the ocean breeze, and from that he derives an exhilarating sensation such as he had not experienced for many years. He gets the benefit of the ocean tide, fortunately, in his favour, and carrying his little hull upon its bosom at such a rate as to supersede the use of the paddle except in guiding the course. The ocean wave, however, is scarcely so favourable. It rocks and rolls their frail abode in such a way as to threaten to put a sad finish to the successful labours of the past. There is no help for it but to abandon the canoe a few miles sooner than intended. There is, however, little cause for complaint, for they can now see their way clear to their final terminus, if no untoward circumstance arises. They leave the canoe on the beach, parting with it for ever, but not without a sigh of emotion, as if bidding farewell to a good friend. But the paddle they cling to as a memento of its achievements, the operator remarking—"It did me better service than any sword ever put into

my hand." A few miles walk from the landing, which is on the southern shore of the estuary, and they are in sight of a small hamlet, which lies upon the shore. And what is more inspiring of hope and courage, they are in sight of a vessel of considerable tonnage, lying at anchor off the shore, and displaying the British flag, floating in the morning breeze, evidently preparing to hoist sail. Now is their chance. This must be their ark of safety if ever they are to escape such billows of adversity as they have been struggling with for some days past. To get on board is that upon which their hearts is set, and all that is required in order to defy all enemies and pursuers. Not thinking that there is anything in the wind in this pretty hamlet, they make straight for the vessel, but they go but a few paces in that direction before another crisis turns up. Enemies are still in pursuit. A small body of men, apparently under commission, are observed a short distance beyond the hamlet as if anticipating the possibility of the escaped prisoner making his way to the British ship. Nor is the surmise groundless, as the sequel proves. In this perplexity the objects of pursuit have to lie in ambush and await the course of events. Their military pursuers are now wending their way in the opposite direction until they are almost lost to view. Now is the time for a last desperate effort. They rush for the shore, and there accost a sallow lank-looking boatman, followed by a negro, on the look out for custom, in their marine calling. A request is made for their boat and services, for conveyance to the ship. At first the man looks suspicious and sceptical, but on expostulation that there was the utmost necessity for an interview with the captain before sailing, and important dispatches to be sent home, and a hint given that a fee for services in such a case was of no object, he at once consents; the ferry boat is launched, and in a few minutes the party are off from the shore. But the military party observing these movements begin to retrace their steps in order to ascertain what all this means, and who the party are. They put to their heels, and race towards the shore as fast as their feet can carry them. They feel tantalised to find that they have been sleeping at their post, and that the very object of their search is now half-way to the goal of safety. They signal and halloo with all their might, but getting no answer they fire a volley of shot in the direction of the boat. This has no effect, except for an instant, to put a stop to the rowing. The boatman gets alarmed as he now more than guesses who the noted passenger is, and he signifies his determination to put back and avoid the consequences that may be fatal to himself. The hero puts a sudden stop to further parley. He flings a gold sovereign to the swarthy rower, commands him simply to fulfil his promise, but to refund the balance of change upon their return from the ship—"he must see the captain before sailing." To enforce his command the sturdy Highlander, who was more than a match for the two, took up his loaded musket and intimated what the consequences would be if they refused to obey orders. This had the desired effect. The rowers pulled with might and main, and in a few minutes the passengers were left safe and sound on board the gallant ship, and surrounded by a sympathising and hospitable crew. The fugitives were at last safe, despite rewards and sanguine pursuers. But their situation they could scarcely realize, their past life seemed more like a

dream than a reality. Our brave heroine was again quite overcome. The reaction was too much for her nerves. In being led to the cabin she would have fallen prostrate on the deck had she not been supported. And who can wonder, in view of her fatigues and privations, her hairbreadth escapes and mental anxieties. But she survived it all. Sails are now hoisted to the favouring breeze, anchor weighed, and our now rejoicing pilgrims bade a lasting farewell to the ever memorable shores of Carolina. In care of the courteous commander they, in due time, reached their island home in the Scottish Highlands, and there lived to a good old age in peace and contentment. They had the pleasure of seeing the tender object of their solicitude grow up to womanhood, and afterwards enjoying the blessings of married life. And the veteran officer himself found no greater pleasure in whiling away the hours of his repose than in rehearsing to an entranced auditory, among the stirring scenes of the American Revolution, the marvellous story of his own fate; the principal events of which are here hurriedly and imperfectly sketched from a current tradition among his admiring countrymen in the two hemispheres.

JOHN DARROCH, M.A.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

By ALASTAIR OG.

Norman was nearly exhausted and out of breath when he finished his poem. It was well received, and several of the verses were heartily applauded. The old bard congratulated him in more enthusiastic terms than ever; for, he was glad to find among the circle one who had just given such unmistakable proof that he was no mean bard himself. He even promised to give another of his own poems if Norman would wait and hear *Alastair Eachain Duibh's* story of Glengarry's burial in the foundation of Glengarry Castle. All were delighted to hear another of the old bard's own compositions, and *Alastair Eachain* would prefer to hear it before telling his story, which, as he previously told them, was related to him in Strathglass, by an exciseman, a capital story teller, by the name of Grassie. The bard, however, insisted upon hearing about old Glen's mishap first, and *Alastair* proceeded with the Glengarry Legend:—

Many ages back, when a powerful but capricious chief of Glengarry was erecting the venerable and stern mansion, whose ruins still daunt the stranger's eye, he very injudiciously chose his companion and favourite from the humblest class of his retainers; and this, like the generality of favourites, once corrupted by a superior's improper familiarity, soon forgot prudence and propriety. One day, when the castle's infant walls had just upreared their massy front over their foundation, and

while their warlike founder, in company with another chief was superintending and admiring the progress of the building, up came the favourite with the greatest air of confidence, and without even saluting, as was then customary, his lord and chief, the dread possessor of unlimited feudal power, accosted him thus, in the presence of a recently conciliated rival—"Alas! poor chief, know ye what the M'Bhethains say? They call you miser, and enquire, how comes it that you could not spare a little silver and gold to be placed in thy castle's foundation, as is customary with other chiefs? Your present companion, they say," alluding to the chief already noticed, "has as much silver in the foundation of his castle as would buy yours." At this the stranger sneered with fiendish pleasure, seeing him whose friendship fear, not love, prompted him to court, but whom he fervently hated at heart, so much insulted by his own vassal. The chief himself, was too severely stung—his rage was too gigantic to stoop to instantaneous revenge: besides, it was derogatory for a chief to inflict personal chastisement on a vassal, and impracticable to do so in presence of another chief; but his brow was clouded, and his face was darkened as he spoke—until recollecting himself he smothered up his rage, and endeavouring to assume an appearance of cheerfulness exclaimed—"You are right Ranouil, I have quite omitted to do what you remind me of, I therefore thank you for the hint, and believe me I allow you more merit, from a conviction that I am not directly or indirectly beholden to those you mention for the suggestion, as it is not their own custom to do the like: however, it should be done, and, with your assistance, we will correct the omission to-night." The vassal retired chuckling, at what he considered the effect of his influence. It is impossible to discover the cause which had prompted him to talk so insultingly to his lord and master: some attribute it to the disappointment of dishonest expectations, supposing that he intended to abstract any jewellery which might be deposited as a memento in the foundation: while others imagine that his chief must have previously offended him, and that the insult was intended; but more probably his main object was to ingratiate himself with the stranger.

M'Ranouil lived in a small solitary cottage, a considerable distance from the residence of his chief, and, late on the night in question, he was startled in his slumber, by a loud knocking at his door: he arose trembling, with a secret dread of something unknown, and shuddered involuntarily as he opened his door to discover the cause of this disturbance. He opened it, and lo! there stood his chief, alone, with a naked dagger in one hand, and a dark lantern in the other, frowning like a spirit of vengeance. The frightened vassal at this terrific sight quickly sunk on his bended knee to implore his chieftain's grace and mercy, his heart bursting with remorse and sorrow, but the ear of vengeance would not listen to the importunities of remorse, nor to the supplicating sighs of fear. "Come," said the stern and angry chief, "arise, shake off that ague's fit and follow me, for I require your service!" To disobey the chief was a crime unknown and unheard of in those days, and his peremptory command and determined appearance showed the vassal that remonstrance or question was vain and futile; so with a tremulous hand he arrayed himself in his best apparel, and with a bursting and a yearning heart—

He bade his wife and children dear,
A long, a last adieu,

and mournfully prepared to follow his chief. They sallied forth in silence and in gloom, the doomed man (for he knew his fate was sealed), marched sullenly behind. Neither seemed inclined to disturb the drowsy stillness which reigned around them; and as they marched along, the owl's screech voice assailed the vassal's ear, proclaiming the ominous words, "man prepare to die," and ever and anon, when the glare of the chief's dim lantern gleamed upon him, it showed the unhappy victim the diabolical smile which grinned on his chief's countenance at the proximity of such a feast of vengeance. At length they reached the castle, in the deep silence of midnight! where the chief, pointing to a gloomy excavation which he had caused that night to be made in its foundation, desired his vassal to enter, which he, without the least hesitation, did, mourning as he went, and wringing his hands in utter grief. As soon as he entered he saw the muscular chief with great difficulty roll a ponderous stone over the mouth of his dim and dreary sepulchre, and heard him chanting to himself, as in mockery, the M'Ranouil's dirge; but these cheerless sounds soon grew faint and ultimately died away.

The chief now quitted the castle, intending to drown all thoughts of its forlorn captive, amidst the riot and luxurious turbulence which a chieftain's life afforded, but he found himself mistaken. The foul deed he had that night performed made a deep and indelible impression on his mind, and go where he would he wandered like a forlorn outcast, changed, dejected, and thoughtful.

Wherever he roamed his weeping captive came trembling to his mind. If awake, it was of him, and him only that he thought, and if asleep he dreamed only of him, and often, in the deep stillness of night, a sullen voice whispered in his ear—"the heavy punishment you have inflicted on your clansman is too severe for the venal crime he committed, therefore you cannot expect to fight victoriously under such a load of guilt."

It happened that at this time the chief was about to enter into a struggle with an aggressing and powerful neighbour, and on the result of this combat depended his own and his clansmen's lives. Their antagonists were far superior in point of number, and were warriors renowned for their wonderful exploits—for fearlessness, daring, and courage; but they were a ruthless and relentless enemy, and whatever they vanquished they utterly destroyed. They seemed to fight not for any chivalrous honour, but rather from the devilish pleasure they had in reducing to ashes that which other men took months and years to build. In short, these spoilers took great umbrage at the chief of Glengarry, which meant certain destruction, unless he could defeat them in arms, and so he, in desperation, determined as his only chance of safety to hazard a battle. Yes! he would have a struggle, a fierce and furious struggle, ere he sank beneath the iron hand of a despotic rival: and if he did fall, he, like the dying lion, would wound the earth in his throes. He would not bleed like the bleating lamb, nor would he imitate the timid hind, and seek safety by flight! No! he had fangs like the wolf, and with these he would tear the flesh from the bones of his oppressor.

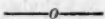
On the tenth day after the captivity of his late favourite, he had his clan marshalled and under arms, awaiting the approach of the foe whom he had challenged to meet him there, to settle their dispute by open combat. His warriors were all burning for distinction in the field, but none more ardently than himself, and as he glanced proudly along their line he smiled on hearing them curse the lazy foe, who lagged so tardily on their way to meet him. This was in the vicinity of the rising castle, and as he wished to enter the fight as guiltless as possible, it struck him that he had better relieve himself, if possible, from the guilt of his prisoner's undeserved misery, and to effect this purpose, he stole unperceived to the vault, and with the assistance of a common plank, used as a lever, he soon raised up the huge stone, and having placed a sufficient counterpoise to preserve the entrance, he entered, but scarcely had he done so when snap went the lever, and down came the stone with a tremendous force. In an instant he perceived the fearful calamity which had befallen him. He knew that all was now over, for it was impossible to remove the stone, from the interior of the vault; and, in terrible despair, he sat, or threw himself down, writhing with extreme mental agony. To make his misery greater he heard (or thought he heard) his trusty clansmen expressing their amazement at his unexpected and cowardly desertion, and heard (or thought he heard) the sentinels, whom he himself had placed, proclaim with extended lungs—"The foe! they come! they come!" and then he heard the din of war on the heath, and the shock of battle sound, "like a crash of echoing thunder," and then the shout triumphant of his foes—and oh! he would have given his very soul's redemption for power to arise from that murky dungeon and stalk to the midst of the combat like an angel of death—

And perish if it must be so,
At bay destroying many a foe.

When the sounds of strife and every hope had died away, the shout triumphant, and the dying yells, he thought on the lone sharer of his captivity, whom he could discover was still alive, and he wondered that the soul, ever eager as an iron bound prisoner to escape, should be enticed by such misery to linger—for his part he would rather flutter like the butterfly through its sweet though short career, than live, like the toad, a thousand years prisoner to a marble block. As he mused thus in painful silence his deliverers arrived. They were his victorious foes—and those of his own clan who had survived the field of battle—the little remnant who had but now given his little band like chaff to the four warring winds of the earth. They came in quest of riches, which they supposed had been deposited in the vault. The stone was rolled away, and one by one they dropped into the vault, but each as he entered, fell a victim to the fury of its angry and exasperated inmate, who shortly afterwards with the aid of his old favourite vassal, quitted its gloomy precincts, leaving his enemy and his laurels there to wither and to die.

The old bard, whose voice was still sweet, although tremulous in consequence of old age, sang the following Gaelic song in praise of the "Mountain Dew":—

ORAN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.



Oh ! b' aithne dhomh suirtheach neo-iormallach greann-mhor,
Mireanach, mireagach, diulanta,
A leumadh, a ruitheadh, a chluithheadh, sa dhannsadb,
Cinneadal, inneadal, curamach ;
'N am suidhe mu bhord gun tig moran na chuideachda,
A ghabhail nan oran gu solasach, sugairteach,
Bhiodh bodaich 'us cailchean a dearbhadh sa dusbaireachd,
'Us gheibheadh tu ursgeulan ùr aca.

Cha'n eil posadh na banais, cuis-gheana, na ghaire,
Chithear cho ceart mar bi druthag ann,
Aig toiseach na diathad se dh-iarrair an trath sin,
'S fhearrda na stamagan srubag dheth.
'S leis dunadh gach bargain, us dearbhadh gach fineachais,
Ciad phog bean na bains' 's i toir taing dha na Mhinisteir,
Chuireadh e dhanns' iad, 's beag an annstramaid shireadh iad,
Cha'n fhaca mi gille cho surdail ris.

Nuair theid *Macintoisich* na chomhdach 's na airmeachd,
Caite m bheil gaisgeach a mhaoithheadh air,
Chuireadh e sambach na baird 's a chleir-sheanachain,
Chuireadh e chadal 's na cuiltean iad.
Cha robh duine 'sa rioghachd a shineadh air carraid ris,
Nach bualadh e cheann a dh-aon mheall ris na talaintean,
'S fhagail gun sgoinn, deanamh greim ris na ballachan,
Mar gum biodh amadan 's luireach air.

'Fear us luaithe an astar 's as brais ann an nadur,
Bheireadh e chasan sa lùs uaith,
'Fear as bronaich' a dhise, gun mhisneachd, gun mharan,
Chuireadh e 'mhire air an urlar o.
'Fear as mo ann an starn bheireadh strabh air gun tuiteadh e,
Chuireadh e'n t-anlar gu oran 's gu cruitearachd,
Ni e'm bacach nach gluaiseadh cho luath ris na h-uisgeagan,
'S ni e na trustairean fiughantach.

A fear a bhi's na chrupan air cul an tigh-òsd',
'S nach teid a steach leis a sgùaireachd,
Ge'd bhiodh airgiod na thasgaidh, bi' glas air na phocaid,
Rud a thoir aiseid cha duraig e.
Ach nuair thig am fear coir leis 'm bu deoin bhi sa chuideachda,
Bheir e air ageoid e gu seomar mam buidealan,
Nuair dh'olas e dha thig a nadur gu rud-eigin,
'S their, e cuir thugainn mar shuigheas sinn.

Tha moran an deigh air an Eirinn 'san Alba,
Ge da tha cuid aca diombach air,
Tha daoine agus mnathan. tha mathasach, geamnaidh,
Ghabhas deth glaine gu'n urrachdainn.
'S fhearrda fear tùrs e, gu cuir amuid agus airneal deth,
'S ainnidh bean-shiubhla nach dùraigeadh blasad air,
Mar faigh a bhean-ghluin' e thig tuchan 'us casadaich,
Falbhas i dhachaidh 's bi stùr oirre.

Sud dar thuirt Ceat n'Ic a-Phearsoin "chan e sin fasan nan Gaidheal,
 Dar a thig leasachdainn ùr orra,
 Bith' 'm botal sa ghlaire sa 'n t-aran 's an cais',
 Dha tharruing ma seach as a chulaiste.
 Their a bhean choir ris a choisir a thuigeadh i,
 Gabhaidh na moruin cha mhor dheth na trioblaid e,
 Tha botal na dha an so lan 'us tha pigidh ann,
 Faighibh an t-slige 's na caomhnaibh e."

ON THE CELTIC ORIGIN OF THE SCOTCH WORD *LAW*, AS APPLIED TO HILLS; AND ON THE NATION OF THE PICTS.

By THOMAS STRATTON, M.D. Edin.; *Author of The Celtic Origin of Greek and Latin, and of the Affinity between the Hebrew and the Celtic.*

—o—

I WISH to offer a few remarks on the word *law* which forms part of the names of various hills in Scotland. They are mentioned in the order in which they occur, beginning at the north:—

Inverness-shire.—Wardlaw was the former name of the parish of Kirkhill near Inverness. (It shows very bad taste changing an old name for a new one).

Angus or Forfar.—Dundee Law, Catlaw, Bathlaw.

Forfar and Perthshire.—Sidlaw.

Fife.—Largo Law.

Mid-Lothian.—Drylaw is three miles west from Edinburgh.

East-Lothian.—North Berwick Law.

Peebles.—Broadlaw.

Berwick.—Greenlaw.

Roxburgh.—Ruberslaw, Cocklaw.

These are all that occur to me at present. They are on the east side of Scotland. What is the derivation of *law*? Is it from the Gaelic *sliabh* (pronounced sleav), a hill (a sloping hill).

Putting the definite article *an* before *sliabh*, it is necessary to insert euphonic *t*; this makes *s* to be silent. Thus *an t-sliabh* (the hill), is pronounced *an-t-leav*. Suppose a person speaking in Gaelic of the *sliabh* of Dundee, and another afterwards omitting the article, he might use *leav* only. By a slurring way of pronouncing, this easily becomes *law*. If the reader is not satisfied with this view, there is another possibility open to us.

Gaelic has a way of sometimes prefixing *s* to Gaelic words; also (which is the same thing) of prefixing *s* followed by a vowel. Another way of stating this is to say that Gaelic sometimes has a way of omitting initial *s*. Some time ago I drew up a list of sixty-five *pairs* of words of this kind. Perhaps the list might be made longer:—

SMUAIN, think.
SAOIL, think.
SAMHLAICH, compare.
SAOTHAIR, labour, work.

SEOL, direct.
SGAIL, cover, veil.

SGAINN, burst asunder, cause to burst.
SGAL, a sudden cry.
SGEUL, news.
SGLEO, a disease of the eyes; glaze about the eyes. (Perhaps the beginning of cataract.)

SGOB, gash, hack.
SGRIOB, scrape.
SGRIOBH, write.
SGROB, scratch.
SGLEO, boasting.
SGOB, snatch.
SIR, ask.
SPAD, make flat.
SPOAIL, wrap up.
SPITHEAG, a small bit of wood.
SFLEADH, a tale.
STRUIDH, dissipate, waste.

STUIRT, pride.
STUR, dust (Scotch Stour).
SRUTH, flow.
SGAIRT, a cry.
SGREAD, a screech.
SOLUS, light.
SABHAIL, protect.
SAOR, make free.
SCABALL, a hood.
SGAINNEAL, slander.
SGAIRNEACH, a long heap of stones.
SGALLAIS, derision.

SGAOTH, a swarm.
SGAP, scatter.
SGAR, disjoin.
SGATH, cut off.

SGEIMH, comeliness.
SGOR, a sharp rock.
SGRAIL, rail at.
SGRIOBHINN, a rugged hillside.
SIUBHAL, travel.
SLIOM, make smooth.
SLIOM, stroke.
SLOC, a pit.
SLIOGACH, sly, subtle (moving in hollow spots, as a spy).
SLUAGH, a host.
SMAD, beat.

SMAL, dust.
SMUR, fragments.
SOMALTA, bulky.
SPAG, a paw.
SPAIRN, an effort.
SPEAL, mow, cut down.
SPEIS, a liking.
SPEUL, bite at.
SPOC, speak quickly.
SPREADH, burst.

MEIN, mind.
IUL, guidance: Eolas, knowledge.
AMHUIL, like.
TIR, the ground. (Digging was the earliest kind of work.)
IUL, guidance.
COILLE, a wood: CLODH, cloth: CLEITH, hide.
GEINN, a wedge.
GLAODH, call.
GLAODH, call.
GEAL, white.

GEARR, cut.
GARBH, rough.
GARBH, rough.
GARBH, rough.
GLAODH, call.
GABH, take.
RADH, speech.
BAT, beat.
FEILE, a covering.
FIODH, wood: ag, from beag, small.
BEUL, the mouth.
TIR, the ground. (Suppose to throw about on the ground.)
TORR, a hill.
TIR, earth.
RUITH, flow.
GAIR, a cry.
GAIR, a cry.
LEUS, light.
FEILE, a covering.
RUITH, run.
CAR, head: FEILE, a covering.
CAINXT, speech.
CARN, a heap of stones.
GLAODH, a cry: AIS, behind (to call after one).

CATH, a company, a band.
CAOB, strike, smite.
GEARR, cut.
GATH, a dart, a javelin, &c. (the idea is something cutting, penetrating).
CAOMH, gentle, mild.
GEUR, sharp.
GAIR, laugh: GAOIR, noise.
GARBH, rough: BEINN, a hill.
FALBH, go.
LIOMH, smooth.
LAMH, a hand.
LOCH, a hollow; a loch.
LOCH, a hollow.

LUCHD, people.
BAT, beat: this akin to FIODH, wood (suppose a stick).
MEIL, grind.
MIR, bit.
MEALL, a hill.
MAG, a paw.
OBAIR, work.
FAL, a scythe.
MEAS, estimation.
BEUL, the mouth.
BEUC, an outcry, a roar.
REIDH, smooth, flat (suppose spread out).

SRANN, snore.
 STALLA, an overhanging rock.
 STAMHNADH, taming (a horse).
 STUIR, guide.
 STOR, a steep cliff.
 SRON, a nose.

RANN, song.
 TULA, a hill.
 TAMH, quiet.
 DRUIDH, teacher.
 TORR, a hill.
 ROINN, a peninsula.

At present *sliabh* is in all our Gaelic dictionaries, but looking at the above list is there not some reason for saying that *liabh* also ought to be regarded as an independent word, and have a place given it in all future lexicons, adding a reference to *sliabh*, and a note to the effect that this form is theoretical or ideal.

Who were the Picts? There have been three theories about them.

One idea is, or was, that they were a non-Celtic race. Another opinion is that they were Cymro-Celtic. A third theory is that they were Gaelic-Celtic.

In considering the claims of the two latter views, some writers attach great importance to the word *aber* (the mouth of a river); to the absence of the word *sliabh*; and to the occurrence of the word *law* in the districts once inhabited by the Picts.

As to the word *aber*, it is not now used, by itself, as meaning the mouth of a river; this use is obsolete. It is found in many names of places (see James A. Robertson's *Gaelic Topography of Scotland*), and in parts where the Picts were not settled. There does not appear to me to be any reason to look upon it as a Cymric—a Welsh word solely. It is also Gaelic. It is likely that at one time *aber* meant mouth; *abair* (to speak) in constant use now, is a proof of this. Strangers to the locality may not know that Old Aberdeen is on the river Don; that is the same as Don-mouth. The other town built subsequently is on the river Dee, the same as Dee-mouth. Between them they have made a little confusion in the spelling—the old town takes the *ee* from the new, and the new takes the *n* from the old. Some make out that *aber* and *inver* are test-words—*aber* a proof that the Picts were Cymric, and *inver* (a confluence) a proof that they who used it were Gaelic. I do not see that the existence among them of *aber* is a proof that the Picts were Cymric; the word is as much Gaelic as Welsh. I frankly admit that I always look at things from a Celtic point of view, and this makes it pleasant to think that *aber* has not been claimed to be Gothic. If the Picts were fond of *aber*, it is not likely that they were Gothic and non-Celtic.

The next thing to consider is, that some writers attach great weight to the fact, or supposed fact, that in the range of country inhabited, or supposed to be inhabited, by the Picts, there was an absence of the word *sliabh*, and the occurrence of the word *law*. My suggestion is that these are the same word. I have beside me a Welsh dictionary, and I cannot find *sliabh* in it. If *law* is then found in Pictland, and if *law* is the same as *sliabh*, and if *sliabh* is not Welsh but Gaelic only, then as far as one word goes the Picts were Gaelic.

To repeat:—1. As the Picts were fond of the word *aber*, and as *aber* is not Gothic, but Celtic, the Picts probably were not Gothic but were Celtic.

2. As *aber* is not the peculiar property of Cymric or Welsh, but a word belonging equally to Welsh and to Gaelic, there is on its account no ground for saying that the Picts were Cymric or Kymric and non-Gaelic.

3. As the Picts were fond of the word *low*, and as this is perhaps the same as *sliabh*, and as *sliabh* is not found in Welsh, but is Gaelic only, it follows that the Picts belonged to the Gaelic division of the Kelts or Celts.

I hope the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* will forgive the dryness of this communication for the sake of the way in which it may be utilised for the purposes of history.

In this inquiry two test-words are used, *aber* and *sliabh*.

The testimony of *aber* is to the effect that the Picts were Celts; in this way we get rid of the Gothic claim. Taking *aber* by itself the Picts were either Cymric or Gaelic.

The testimony of *sliabh* is to the effect that the Picts were Gaelic; in this way we get rid of the Cymric claim.

O U N I C H B A Y.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—The accompanying Gaelic poem, with an English version, of great literalness by the author himself, reached me this morning all the way from Melbourne. It can appear nowhere more appropriately than in the *Celtic Magazine*, for in a note the author informs me, as a piece of good news, that your Magazine has found its way to the Antipodes, and is read with avidity, to use his own words, by "Celts and sinners alike," who may be so fortunate as to lay their hands upon it. Mr Cameron is of the Keppanach family in my immediate neighbourhood, a good old Lochaber stock of great respectability. On its own merits, and as a contribution from a true Celt at the other side of the world, I hope you can make room for the poem with its English version in opposite columns.—I am yours faithfully,

"NETHER-LOCHABER."

April 19, 1876.

O U N I C H B A Y.

DEAR REMEMBRANCES.

Where'er I dwell, where'er I roam,
My heart goes back to days of yore,
With longings for my Highland home,
Which I may never visit more.

There is a sacred spot of earth
Where glad Loch-leven laves the strand,
Associated with boyish mirth,
Which well may ripen thoughts command.

C A M U S O I N I C H.

C U I M H N E A C H A I N I O N M H A I N N.

Cia m' aite tàimh no 'm bi mi cuairt,
Mo smuaintean bi 'dh mu'n am a threig,
'S air trì nam beann 'tha fada tuath,
Ged 's dual nach till gu' bruaich mo cheum

Tha cearnag choisrigte de 'n fhonn,
Le baisteadh thonn Loch-libhinn àigh,
'Tha mosgladh aoibhneas m' oige 'n chom,
'S an aois a chom cha chais mo bhàigh.

In dreams I visit oft the place,
And fancy I am still a boy ;
Each feature of the scene I trace,
And revel in my fancied joy.

There was the school, and still is there,
Where I was taught my A B C,
Embosomed in a nook as fair
As e'er had sky for canopy.

Here did I learn to read the Book*
That guides us on the Heavenly road,
With reverence meet, in tone and look,
Believing it the voice of God.

Near was the manse, so peaceful, calm,
Whichever way the wind might blow,
With its life's breath a holy psalm
To teach us the right path to go.

The wavelets of the rippling tide,
With their grey crests, methinks I see,
Down where the *Linne* opens wide
To mingle with the open sea.

Beinn bheithir with his lofty brow
Stands up the guardian of the scene ;
While vale and strath, and loch below,
Acknowledge him with glow serene.

And onward, further to the east,
With pinnacles that pierce the clouds,
Are *Cona's* mountains, which, of mist,
Oft for themselves make sable shrouds.

Creative might is here portrayed
In ways that elevate the soul,—
The bright and sombre hues displayed,
Combining in one glorious whole.

My country ! birthplace of the brave,
My heart through life shall to thee cling,
And when I'm silent in the grave,
May still thy gladdened echoes ring.

MELBOURNE, Feby. 24, 1876.

* N. L.—Let Secularists please take notice how the author, without a thought be sure, of our Education Act or School Board squabbles, localises the birth of his moral and religious life, not in the church or manse, though he refers to both with love and respect, but in the school in which he learned to read—in the mountain tongue at once, and in English—the book

"That guides us on the heavenly road."

"N. L."

A'm brúadar 's tric mi ann's an àit',
Mar bha mi 's mi na m' bhalachan òg,
A' faicinn cruth gach ionnsaidh gràidh,
Measg aidhear, faladhá, a's ceòl.

Bha 'n sgòil a sin, 's a nise tha,
'S na theagaisgeadh dhomh m' A B C,
A'n cuileig tha cho tiorail tlàth,
'S a tha fo cheithir aird nan speur.

'N so leugh mi 'n leabhar 'tha toirt fios,*
Na slighe dhuinn gu flaitheas shuas,
Le stoldachd inntinn, 's le mor mheas,
Mar fhacal naomh an De bhith-bhuan.

Bha tigh a mhinistear aig laimh,
Gu seimh de 'n aird o'n seideadh gaath,
'S mar shailm na beatha, 'g eiridh 'n aird,
Bha anail bith na fardaich naomh.

Air leam gu 'm faic mi bròluinn gheas,
An eachrais chas nan sruth 's nan staudh,
Shios mar 'tha 'n linne 'sgaoiladh' mach,
Gu fosgladh farsuinneachd a chuain.

Tha Beinn-a-bheithir 's stàtail cruach,
'Cuir fasgadh 's dìon air tuar gach ni,
'S tha gleann, a's srath, 's an loch ri braich
Ag aidmheil so gu suaire mìn.

Greis uairp' san ear ag eiridh àrd,
Le 'm picibh beur a' bearnadh, shios,
Tha beanntaibh Chomhan, 's uaisle straic,
Is tric 'ni sgail do chith nan eian.

Air mhodh 'thug barrachd ann am miadh,
So gnìomh an Tì as treine neart—
Na dathan soilse agus ciar, [feart,
'N comh-bhoinn cuir mais 'air nial gach

Mo dhuthaich ! Aros gin nan cliar,
Ri m' bheo dhuit togam m' iarrtas suas ;
'S biodh seinn guth t'-aoibhneis dol a meud,
'Nuair bhith's mi 'n caidreamh cian na
h-uigh.

A. CAMERON.

THE Paper recently read by Professor Blackie before the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the question whether the Gaelic or the English of Ossian is the original, he has rewritten and extended, and it will appear in the next number of the *C.M.*

AN T-EACH URSANN.

—o—

THOUGH the custom of exacting the *Each ursann*, as it was termed in Sutherland, was common in that county in the *days that were*, I had no idea of its prevalence throughout the Highlands and Islands of Scotland till I read the article by "Sgiathanach" in the February number of the *Celtic Magazine*. During the greater part of the seventeenth century, the practice of exacting by the chieftain, wadsetter, or tacksmen, the best horse, or best head of cattle upon a farm, on the demise of its occupier, seems to have been common in the district of Sutherland, but it gradually vanished towards the close of that century, or during the beginning of the next.

The last instance of it occurred, as well as can be ascertained, about the early part of the eighteenth century at a place called Holmdarry on the heights of Strathnaver. Its sequel had a more humane termination, but not the less characteristic of the people involved than that recorded by "Sgiathanach."

Those acquainted with the history of Sutherland, especially the history of that portion of it designated the Reay country, and still called in the vernacular *Duthaich Mhic Aoidh*, or Mackay's country, know that the whole of Strathnaver, "Sutherland's pride," belonged to Mackay of Tongue, chief of the clan, afterwards Lord Reay. One of these chiefs had a son, whose mother was a native of Lochaber, and as was not uncommon in those days, being a younger son, he was reared by his mother's relatives in Lochaber. From this circumstance, it is said, he and his descendants acquired the cognomen of *Abairich*. On his attaining manhood he returned to his paternal home in Tongue, and during his father's declining years, and his elder brother's imprisonment for disobeying the king's mandate, he became the leader of his clan, and the intrepid guardian of their territory. So successfully did he perform the duties of his office in repelling every incursion attempted by his powerful neighbours in Sutherland and Caithness, that his brother, when released, in gratitude for his prudent and gallant conduct assigned him in fee simple the whole of the upper parts of Strathnaver and wardenship of the marches. The descendants of this brave and intrepid warrior chieftain, patronymically called *Clann Iain Abairich*, continued wardens of the Marches between their own clan territories, and Caithness, and Sutherland, till the "Sutherland Evictions," termed by the late Mr Loch "Improvements," cleared them all off the lands they possessed, and which they nobly defended for centuries against all invaders. Brave, open-hearted, generous to a fault, respected for their prowess, famed as the most warlike of all the tribes inhabiting the provinces of Sutherland and Caithness—they never betrayed the trust reposed in them. Ever ready in the defence of their own territories, they evinced equal readiness in the defence of the country when the services of brave men were sorely needed. In the Sutherland Fencibles, Reay Fencibles, the *Clann Abrach*, were foremost in rank and

numbers. Strathnaver alone supplied to the former, in 1793, 121 William Mackays, and in the Reay Fencibles of 1795-1802, 800 strong—two-thirds were Mackays, of whom a great part were *Abairich*. The talented editor of Rob Donn's Poems says of them, "*Tha dream araidh do chlann Mhic Aoidh dha'n leas sloinneadh Abrach, chionn gur ann an Loch-abair a dh'araicheadh an Ceann tighe o shean, agus gur bean a mhuinntir na tir sin bu mhathair dha, bu daoine ro fhiughanta, ro ainmeil iad, 's a chinneadh, fhada sa bha feum agus meas air daoine uaisle, 's air gaisgich.*" From this worthy stock, of whom not a remnant is now left in the land of their forefathers, was descended a worthy son who was the means of doing away with the unfeeling custom of the *Each ursann* in the Reay country, and gave the death-blow to the nefarious practice. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the youngest son of the Abaireach chieftain, named John, went into the army, and served under his famous clansman, General Hugh Mackay, at home and abroad. When he returned to his native Strathnaver, after the lapse of many years, he found all his father's family had in the meantime deceased, except a brother, who had become wad-setter or tacksman of Holmdarrie, better known as *Fear Holmdarrie*, who, it would appear, was a different dispositioned man from his younger brother John, and thought it still quite right and proper to observe and to exact an ancient custom.

John's return to his native Strath, and the scenes of his youth was in the summer time. He met his elder brother, *Fear Holmdarrie*, in the fields at some distance from his house. The usual kindly and affectionate greetings of brothers long parted being over, they strolled together round the township. At that season of the year all cattle were sent off to the hill pastures, but on nearing the house John, rather surprised at seeing a horse or two, and two or three head of cattle in a small fold, the former neighing, the latter lowing, enquired of his brother the reason of the animals being kept in confinement. *Fear Holmdarrie*, with some hesitation, replied that they were the *Each ursann*. *A dhuine gun Dia* (thou godless man) said John, "hast thou again revived that accursed custom, would it not be more Christian-like to give the widow and fatherless a horse, or a cow if thou couldst spare it rather than deprive them of their—most likely—all and only earthly stay? Return them! return them! otherwise I shall never bend my head under the lintel of thy house door." This adjuration had the desired effect. Immediate orders were given for the cattle to be returned to their respective owners, and so ended *one unfeeling, one pernicious* "feudal custom" in Sutherlandshire.

This brave soldier and humane gentleman, direct descendant of the intrepid Abrah chieftain, afterwards settled in the upper parts of Strathnaver called Mudale (Muthadal), where he survived to an extreme old age, "surpassing many in the greatness of fame." He composed many moral and sacred hymns, known in the district as *Eiridinn Iain Mhic Raibeart Mhic Neill*, a term very familiar to my ears forty years ago, though I cannot remember having heard them repeated. It is, however, said that some of these hymns were published in Inverness twenty years ago, in a small volume, entitled "Metrical Reliques of the 'Men' in the Highlands, or Sacred Poetry of the North."

John Macrobert Macneill Mackay Abrach was a Christian man in every sense of the term, a constant visitor and supporter of the poor, the sick and afflicted. By his genial manners and kindness of disposition, he was a welcome guest in every household. In his time knives and forks were not common articles in every cottage, as they now-a-days are. One knife, however, was always to be found, generally with a heft of deer horn, from which, no doubt, sprang the *Sgian dubh* of the Highland dress. When beef, mutton, or venison was served, the dish was a wooden one, and placed before the "gudeman," who put his hand behind him to a small aperture in the cottage wall, drew forth the knife and cut the meat, each member of the family helping himself or herself with the natural five pronged fork. On any occasion when a stranger of higher estimation than the "gudeman" happened to be a guest, the meat was always placed before him as occupying the seat of honour, and as a matter then of common courtesy. Our hero, when far advanced in years, beyond the allotted span, happened to be in a house where he was called upon to perform the duty described. After several ineffectual attempts to carve the meat before him, he put forth his left hand, and drawing his thumb across what he supposed to be the edge of the knife, but which in reality was the back of it, he laid it down, exclaiming—

Ach dh'innis a chore-chibair,
Gu'm bheil mi fada san t saoghal,
O'n nach eil agam do shuilean,
Na dh'aithnicheas cul bho faobhar.

It may be interesting to readers of Rob Donn's poems to know that it was upon this brave and Christian gentleman, "one of the olden time," the poet composed one of his finest elegies—

Thug an t-aog uaisle 'n ar n' amharo,
Mach a' dithreach Strath-namhuir,
'N t-aon fear nach d'fhag sambuil 'n a dheigh.

Cùis ardain nan Abrach,
Làimh làidir nach bagradh,
Iain failteach Mac Raibeart 'Te Néill.

Corpa calma, bha fearail,
Instinn earbsach, làn onoir,
Làmh a dhearbhadh na chanadh am beul.

Is mur fìor domh na thubhairt,
Mu n' a' chrìosdaidh bu mhodha,
Leigean 'fhiannais air Muthadal fein.

EDINBURGH.

ALEX. MACKAY.

NOTE.—This month we appear, as promised in our last, in a New Cover, and with a Gaelic Supplement. Our intention is to keep improving and enlarging the Magazine in proportion as our monthly increasing circulation will warrant.

IONA; NO I CHOLUIM CHILLE.

By DONALD CAMPBELL, Member of the Gaelic Society of London.*

—o—

AN T-EILEAN—Ged nach 'eil an t-eilean so ach gle bheag, tha e ro ainmeil. Tha e suidhichte air taobh an iar-dheas eilein Mhuile, ann a sgìreachd Chìlfhìnichian, Siorramachd Arraghaidheil. Tha e air a sgaradh or Ros Mhuileach le Caol cumhann mun euairt do leth-mhìle air leud agus tha ainm aige o'n eilean fein, "Caol-I."

An am lìonadh agus traigheadh tha sruth laidir o'n chuan an iar a ruith troimhe a steach 's a mach, coslach ri abhainn bhras, agus gu sonraichte an am doinionn a gheamhraidh, bithidh an fhairste air uairean cho buaireasach 's nach urrainn bata dhòl thairis air; ach an uair a bhios an aimsir math, tha moran eisg ga ghlacadh ann 'sa chaol so, gu sonraichte liabagan. Tha 'n t-eilean fein mu thimehioll trì mìle air fad agus aon-gu-leth air leud.

Ma thig am fear-turuis thuige o'n taobh an ear, mar as minic a thachras, chì e aghaidh na tìre ìosal, agus ag aomadh ris an fhairste air taobh a Chaoil, ach ma thig e o'n taobh-tuath, chì e am fearann ag eiridh suas na thulaichean bana gain'mhich. Tha an grunn air a chuid as mo comh-nard, ged a tha e an sud agus a so air a bhriseadh le cnuc bheaga chreagach. Tha aon chnoc ard air an taobh an iar, do'n ainm, "Dun-I"—tha e 'g eiridh os cionn na fairste ma thimehioll ceithir-cheud troidh (400 ft.), agus o mhullach, tha an sealladh ro thaitneach. Tha na cnuc sin, agus na lagan a tha eatorra, air an comhdachadh san t-samhradh le feur beartach gorm, air am faigh an spreidh pailteas ìonaltraidh.

Uile gu leir, cha'n eil aghaidh na tìre os cionn da mhìle acair Shas-unnach, agus tha mun euairt se ceud dhù fo aiteachadh.

Cha n'eil acarsaid na caladh 'san eilean so a bheiridh fasgadh do bhata an am droch shìde.

An uair a thig Soitheach-na-smuid le luchd turuis leigidh i a h-acair sìos air grunn gain'mhich ann an geodha beag ma choinneamh na h-ard-eaglais (cathedral), agus tha'n luchd-taodhail air an toirt air tìr, ann am bataichean beaga, air na creagan carrach; oir, cha da thog iad laibhrig fhathast anns an aite. Air taobh an iar-dheas an eilein, tha geodha beag do'n ainm Port-a-churraich, far am faod daoine thighinn air tìr a nuair a bhios an fhairste seimh, agus mu chreideas sinn beul-aithris, 's ann an so a thainig Colum-Cille agus na daoine a bha maille ris air tìr an uair a thainig iad o Eirinn nan curach, agus s'ann mar so a fhuair e ainm.

Dluth dha tha dronnag, na tullaich bheag do thalamh, trì fichead troidh air fad, coslach ri bata air a tionndadh druim air uachdar; agus tha e air aithris, gun do chuir na daoine so suas e mar chuimhneachan air an threasdal a thug sabhailte gu tìr iad, agus gu gleidheadh cunntas air meud a bhata anns na ghabh iad an t-aiseag.

* When sending us the MS., Mr Campbell wrote, "I have been forty years out of the Highlands, and during that time, till I joined the Gaelic Society of London, three years ago, I scarcely heard a word of Gaelic spoken, so that I have been completely out of practice." We leave our Gaelic friends to apportion their acknowledgments between this sturdy Celt and the patriotic Society which brought him out of his Saxon land of (mental) bondage.—[Ed. C.M.].

AN UAMHA SPUTACH—Tha an t-iongantas nadurra so air an taobh an iar do'n eilean, a measg chreagan ard, gharbh, agus chrùaidh. Tha 'n uamh domhain, agus aig uile staid an lain-mhara tha an fhairge an comhnuidh a ruith a stigh innte. Toisichidh an sputadh an uair a bhios an lan aig airde shonraichte, agus a reir coslais, tachraidh e mar so:—

Thig tonn a stigh le mor-neart, agus lionaidh e gu buileach beul na h-uamha, agus tha ghaoth, nan t-adhar a tha stigh innte air a dhiongadh ri cheile gu fuathasach dluth—a nis, a nuair chailleas an tonn a spionnadh, tha an t-adhar o 'n taobh a stigh a sgaoileadh a mach le ainneart—tha an tonn a nis air ioman a mach le foirneart cho mor sa thainig e stigh. Ach aig mullach na h-uamha tha simileir, na toll mor, agus an uair a tha an da chumhachd so a 'stri ri cheile, tha iomadh tunna do'n t-saile air a thilgeadh suas troimh 'n toll, le steall ard anns an athar, no mar a their na Frangaich, *un grand jet d'eau*, agus tha ghaoth a nise ga sgapadh na smud min, agus ga ghiulan air falbh mar dheathach o' bhenl amhuinn no furnais. Ma bhios an la grianach faodaidh am fear-amhaire bogha frois fhaicinn a measg na smuid a tha daonnan ag cireadh os cionn na h-uamha so.*

Ma chumas sinn nar cuimhne gu bheil lan chumhachd a chuain siar a bualadh a stigh air na cladaichean fiadhaich sin, cha n'urrain sinn a bhi'n teagamh nach 'eil a chumntas so fìor.

Gu dearbh cha'n urrainn mi dheanadh na's fearr, na chuir an ceill dhuibh cìod a thuirt am bard Muileach, Callum a Ghlinne, ma dheibh-inn:—

Chi mi na stuadhan nuallach baidealach,
Bualadh gu trom ri bonn a gharaidh,
'S lunn an iar-chuain le fuaim a sadadh,
Ri car-bhulaig stallach nan còs.

Anns an dol seachad bheir mi fainear gu 'm faod sinn a thuigsinn o'n obair a tha dol air aghart ann an so, cia mar a tha na mucan-mara, a chithear cho bitheanta anns na fairgeachan an iar, a cur suas na sputan arda, a tha daonnan nan cuis neonachais do mhuinntir a tha mi-chleachdta riu.

AINMEANNAN AN EILEIN—Cha 'n eil a h-aon do na h-ainmeannan a thugadh do'n eilean so, ged a tha iad, a reir sgrìobhaidh, ro-choslach ri cheile, nach bun dha, mar aite foghlum agus diadhachd, agus aig nach 'eil am bun anns a chanain Cheltich fein.

Innish-nan-Druidhneach—Tha an t-ainm so ro shean, agus a reir barail, se an t-ainm a fhuair an t-eilean air tus, fada mun robh creideamh Chrìosd air a thoirt a dh' ionnsuidh nan eileanan Breatunnach. Tha am focal *Innish*, a ciallachadh *eilean*, agus mar so, cluinnear an t-ainm *Innish*, na "Eilean nan druidhneach," a measg muinntir na tire gus an la 'n diugh.

An deigh do Cholumba a bhi comhnuidh ann's an eilean, bha moran shaobh-chreidimh a talaidh ris mar ait-adhlaicidh, agus ann an ceann tim thainig an da chuid—an t-Eilean agus a Chill—gu bhi air an ainmeachadh air. Se mo bhàrail cuideachd, gu'n robh na h-ainmeannan goirid, "I," "Hee," "Hy," "Y," "Ii," "Hyona," "I-hona," agus "Iona," air an gnathachadh dìreach mar athghiorras airson an ainm fhada *Innish*.

* See "Antiquities of Iona" by H. D. Graham, Esq., page 26.

Chaluim-Chille, agus mar so gu bheil am bun ac' uile gu leir ann's an fhocal "Innis." Be cleachdadh nan seann sgrìobhadairean a bhi sgrìobhadh nan-ainmèannan sin, ach cha'n eil a h-aon diubh a sgrìobh an t-ainm "Iona,"* ged is se so an t-ainm a tha fasanta aig na h-uile, aig an la 'n diugh, ach muinntir na tire fein, a tha leantainn fhathast ris an ainm ghoirid "I."

Tha cuid do dhaoine foghlumte a toirt fairear do bhrìgh s gu 'bheil am focal *Columba* anns an Laidinn, agus *Iona* anns an Eabhra, a ciallachadh *colman*, gun robh an t-eilean air ainmeachadh o sin, a chum onair a chuir air *Columba*; ach ged a tha so ro-innleachdach agus daichead cha'n urrainn mi gabhail ris. Tha am focal gun teagamh, o'n Ghailig mar a tha na focail eile, ged a tha e air a ghiorrachadh o'n t-seann ainm "I-shona," se sin, an t-Eilean naomh, no sona, agus 'sann mar so a tha e am bitheantas air ainmeachadh leis na daoine foghlumte a sgrìobh ma dheibh-inn anns an Laidinn, *Insula sancta*. Mar chultaise don 'n bharail so, faodaidh mi aithris gun d'thug buidheann do dhaoine diadhaidh, a chaidh a mach o'n eilean leach a sgaoileadh an t-Soisgeul ann a Sasuinn, an t-ainm eudna (Holy Island) do dh'eilean beag (Lindisfarne) a tha mach o chladach *Northumberland*, far an do shuidhich iad eaglais, mar a tha *Bede* ag innseadh dhuinn, agus a reir cleachdaidh nan Albannach (Scots), gun do thog iad i de dh'fhiodh daraich (oak) agus gun robh i air a tubhadh le cuile.† A reir eachdraidh, rinn an eaglais so bunnachar do chathair an easbuig ann an *Durham*.

NA DRUIDHNICH AGUS NA DRAOIDHEAN—Nuair a thainig na Romainaich air tus do'n duthaich so, ma thimchioll cuig-deug agus da fhichead bliadhna roimh bhreith Chrìosd (55 B.C.), agus a thug iad buaidh air na seann Bhreatunnaich a bha san am sin san tìr, tha fios againn, o eachdraidh na h-aoise sin, gun da theich na Breatunnaich air falbh an deigh moran coimhstri, gu taobh an iar agus taobh an iar-thuath Bhreatuinn, far an d'fhuair iad fàsagadh agus sìth o'n naimhdean, a measg bheanntan na *Coinreich* (Wales), aiteachan fiadhaich eile, ach gu sonraichte na Draoidhean (Druids). Chuir iad suas ard-sgoilean (colleges) anns na h-eileanan an iar agus an iar-thuath, agus tha e air aithris gun robh sgoilean do'n t-seorsa so ann an eilean Anglesea, agus ann an eilean I. Ma chumas sinn nar cuimhne an t-ainm, *Innis-nan-druidhneach*, agus, gu bheil fhathast air taobh an iar eilean I, seann laraichean ro choslach ri laraichean Dhruidhneach a tha ri fhaicinn anns an eilean Mhuileach, air an taobh eile do Chaol I, tha e ro-choslach gun do chuir na Draoidhean suas ard-sgoil anns an aite so.‡

Do bhrìgh 's gun robh an darach ro-mheasail am measg nan Druidhneach os cionn uile chraobhan na coille, tha cuid do dhaoine a smuaineachadh gu bheil am focal *Draoidh* (Druid) air a thoirt o'n Ghreigis—*dryus* (darach). Acham bheile idir coslach gun rachadh na Ceiltich Bhreatunnach chum na Greugais, a dh'iarraidh ainm do chraobhan, agus a rithist, gum biodh

* See Dr Lindsay Alexander's "Iona," page 11, 2d note. † Eccl. Hist. lib. 3, c. 25.

‡ The Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., in his "Iona," after speaking of the various ecclesiastical remains of this place, remarks that there are two belonging to a still earlier date, and pointing to forms of worship and belief different from those of Christianity. These are the "Circular Cairns" which are found in various parts, and seem to have been of Druidical origin.

daoine bha cho urramach n'am measg, air an ainmeachadh o'n darach no o chraobh sam bith eile? Se mo bharrail gun d'fhuair iad e anns' a chanain Cheiltich fhein, Draoidh, no Druidh, se sin, duine glie, no foghlumite; oir, bha an Draoidh na phearsa fein, na shagairt, na fhear-ceartais, na sgoileir, agus na lighiche.

CREIDEAMH AGUS CLEACHDAIDHNEAN NAN DRUIDHNEACH. — Tha daoine am bitheantas a ceadachadh gun d' rinn na treubhan Ceilteach suas pairt do'n mheall mhor shluaigh sin a chuir iad fein air ghluasad o dhara creathail a chinne'-daoine ann's an airde ear, agus a dh'imich mu'n iar agus mu'n iar-thuath, thairis air an Roinn-corpa, agus mar an ceudna, gun robh na Druidhnich na measgsan a thainig air tus, agus gun d'thug iad leo, neo-thruaillte, an canain, an creideamh, agus an cleachd-aidhean fein; agus gun do ghleidh iad, mar sin iad, re iomadh aois, gu sonraichte anns na h-eileanan Breatunnach; oir tha Cesar ag innse dhuinn (Cesar de Bello Gall. lib. vi.) gun robh daoine oga le'm bu mhiann a bhi nan sagairt, a tighinn o dhuthechan eile chum 's gu faigheadh iad an creideamh fìorghlan, mar a bha e air a theagasg anns na h-eileanean Breatunnach. Nach fhaod sinne a bhi gle chinnteach gu'm b'iad so eileanean *Anglesea* agus *Innis-nan-druidhneach*.

Co fad 's a tha e comasach dhuinn a dheanamh mach, o'n bheagan eolais a th' againn mu dheibhinn nan Draoidhean, theagaisg iad creideamh ann *an aon dia*, a dh'ainmich iad *Be'el*, se sin beatha-uile (Smith's Gael. Antig., p. 16), agus mar so, gle choslach ri *Baal*, dia nan Phenicheanach, agus gun d'rinn iad aoradh do'n ghrein mar shamhla' air; oir, mar a thuig iads' e, be sin *beatha-uile*—agus co 's urrainn a radh gun robh iad fada 'm mearachd, oir, tha fios againn gur i a ghrian a ni as aille, is gloirnhoire, agus is cumhachdaiche, fo chumhachd an Dia bheo agus fhior, a tha anns an t-saoghal.

Be an cleachdadh a bhi cruinneachadh aig taobh shruthain uisge fo sgath chraobhan mora daraich, far an d'rinn iad cearcaill, no rath do chlachan mora, mun cuairt dhoibh, o fhichead troidh gu deich thar fhichead slat air tharsuinn, agus ann a meadhon nan cearcall so, chuir iad a chromleac, no an altair—be sin clach mhor leathann, air a taiceadh suas le tri chlachan eile, a bha 'gaomadh beagan a dh'aon taobh.

Bha aiteachan ard aca, cuideachd, coslach ris na Cinnich eile. Be sin clachan, no cuirn mhora do chlachan, air mullach chnoc, far an d'thug iad aoradh do'n ghrein. Ach cha'n eil e ro-chinnteach cia mar a rinn iad so. Tha cuid do dhaoine ag innse dhuinn, gun do chuir iad moran suim ann a bhi dol tri uairean mun cuairt air a chearcall naomh, on aird an ear gun an aird an iar, a reir cursa na greine, agus mar sin, a ciallachadh, gum be 'miann a bhi umhail do thoil agus do ordugh Dhia mar a tha e air a leigeadh ris ann an oibribh na cruitheachd.*

Tha fios againn gu bheil e fhathast air a chunntadh mi-shealbhach, le moran anns a Ghaidhealtachd, a bhi cuir a bhotuil mun cuairt air dhoigh sam bith eile ach a reir cursa na greine; agus nach fhaod e bhith, gun d'thainig an cleachdadh so a nuas o' na Druidhnich, gun an tim so.

Tha Cesar, agus iomadh aon eile do na seann sgrìobhadairean, a cur an ceill, gun d'thug iad suas, maille ri iobairtean eile, daoine mar iobairtean,

* Smith's Gaelic Antig., p. 38.

ann am follais, agus corr uair, ann an uaigneas. Bha na daoine air an cuir beo ann am bascaidean mora, os cionn teine, agus air an losgadh; oir, ann an am cogaidh, gortaidh, na tinneis mhoir, bha na Draoidhean am beachd gun robh Dia diombach riu, agus gum be so an aon doigh air a dheanadh toilichte.

Am bitheantas, se droch dhaoine bha mar so air an iobradh, ach air amannan araidh, bha daoine neo-chiontach a fulang mar an ceudna.*

Ged a bha an cleachdadh so ro-bhorb, agus a leigeadh ris aineolais air nadur Dhia mar a tha e air a chur an ceill anns a Bhiobull, bha iomadh ni eile a theagaisg iad a bha maith.

Thuig iad an dealachadh eadar math agus olc,—gu bheil anam an duine neo-bhasmhor—gu feum daoine cunntas a thoirt do Dhia an deigh am bais—gun rachadh daoine maith do dh'eilean aluinn air an d'thug iad mar ainm *Flath-Innis*; se sin, eilean nan gaisgeach, agus cluinnear an t-ainm so fhathast anns a Ghaidhealtachd, airson neamh.

Bha na droch dhaoine a dol gu eilean eile a bha anabarrach fuar, don d'thug iad mar ainm, Ifrinn, far nach ruigeadh aon ghath o'n ghrein iad gu brath—far am biodh iad air an lot le nathraichean nimhe, agus air an cuir a chaidh gu trioblaid, le beistean uamhasach eile.

FEILLTEAN NAN DRUIDHNEACH—Ma dheibhinn feilltean nan Druidhneach, bha dha dhiu ro-mheasail—a Bhealtuinn agus an t-Samhuinn.

Be la Bealtuinn a cheud la do'n *Mhagh* (May); air an la so mar an ceudna thoisich a bhliadhn' ur agus, mar sin, *Ceitein* nam bard. Air an la so bha teine mor air fhadadh, (Beul-teine) air mullach cruic araidh a chum onair a chuir air a ghrein, a thug mun cuairt blaths agus aoibhneas a *Cheitein*, an deigh fuachd agus gruaim a Gheamhraidh.

Bha feill na Samhna air a cumail air a cheud la do'n t-seachdamh mios, (1st November)†. Tha 'm focal a ciallachadh *teine-na-sith*, (fire of peace); oir, aig an fheill so, rinn na Draoidhean ceartas eadar duine agus duine, agus bha sith agus gairdeachas air an toirt a measg an t-sluaigh. Aig an fheill so, cuideachd, bha h-uile teine air a chuir as, anns gach tigh, a chum 's gu lasadh iad a rithisd e o'n teine naomh a bha air fhadadh, agus air a bheannachadh, leis na Draoidhean.‡ Nuair a bha amharas aca gun d'rinn duine sam bith droch ghnìomh, agus nach b'urrainn iad a chionta 'dhearbhadh air dhoigh s'am bith eile, chuir iad gu *gabhadh Bheil* e;—be sin, dol cos-ruisgte tri uairean troimh theine na Samhna. Ma thainig e sabhailt troimh 'n teine, cha robh e ciontach, ach air an laimh eile, mu bha e air a losgadh, bha Dia ga dhiteadh, agus bha e air a chuir gu peanas craiteach, agus air uairean, gu bas. Ma thionndas sinn gu leabhar Dheut. (18. 10-12), ehi sinn gun do thoirmisg Dia an cleachdadh graineal so.

A thuilleadh air na feilltean sin, chum iad lanachd, no iomlanachd, na gealaich.

Air an t-seathamh la d'on ghealaich, reachadh iad a mach do na coilltean a dh'fhaotainn an luibh phriseil sin, an *uil' ioc*, na *ic* (missletoe), a bha

* Strabo, Sentionius, Lucan, Plutarch, Diodorus Siculus, Ammiananus Marcellinus, confirm this account of Cæsar. Lib. iv., p. 103, Eg. Casanbon.—Amat. 1707.

† Hallow-tide or All Souls' Day,—also Hallowe'en.

‡ Dr Smith cites a passage from Borlase's Antiquities of Cornwall, stating that the Gaelic Councils had to forbid the lighting of these fires on Hallow-eve on the pain of death.

fas air an darach, agus an uair a thachradh iad ris, bha e na aobhar mor ghairdeachais dhoibh, agus dheanadh iad aoradh dha. Tha an t-ainm a thug iad dha, arsa *Plini* (Pliny), a ciallachadh nan canain fein, *uile leigheas* (heal-all). Fhuair iad a sin da tharbhb, bainne-gheal (milkwhite), agus an deigh dhoibh an adhaircean a cheangal a cheud uair, dhirich an sagart, ageadaichte le trusgan geal, suas air a chraoibh, agus ghearr e an luibh le corran òir; ghlacadh e ann an cleoca geal, agus an deigh na tairbh iobradh, ghuidh iad air Dia gu'n deanadh e a thabhartas fein sealbhach dhoibh.

Tha iad, arsa *Plini*, smuaineachadh, ma dh'olas iad e (i.e., a shugh), gun leighis e ainmhidhean a tha neo-thorrach, agus gu'n tearuinn e iad o na h-uile seorsa puinnseinn.* His. nat. lib. xvi., cap. 44.

Bha an eachdraidh, air a chuid bu mho, air a gleidheach ann am bardachd, a bha cur suas cliu nan gaisgeach, ach bha cuid do'n bhardachd modhanoch (ethical), agus a cur an ceill gliocas nan Draoidhean, agus tha cuid do dhaoine a creidsinn, gu bheil air fhagail againn fhathasd eiseimpleir do'n t-seorsa sin, ann an Trianaidean (Triads) nam bard Coinnreach (Welsh bards),—agus c'ait a' bheil an Gaidheal a chuireas an teagamh, nach 'eil againn ann am bardachd Osein, duain Ghaidhlig, a tha co dhiu cho sean ri am nan Druidhneach.

Chuir Lucan, na *Pharsalia*, luaidh air na baird sin, mar so :—

You too, ye bards ! whom sacred rapture fire,
To chant your heroes to your country's lyre ;
Who consecrate in your immortal strains,
Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain.
Securely now the tuneful task renew,
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.

Cha 'n eil e ro-chinnteach gu'n robh eolas aig na Druidhnich air ealain sgrìobhaidh, ach ma bha, tha aon ni soilleir, se sin, nach d'fhag iad moran nan deigh dheth.

Tha e ro choslach gun robh an teagasg aca gu leir, labhrach, agus air a chumail suas a mhain, le beul-athris.

Chuala Cicero, mar a tha e 'g-innseadh dhuinn, gun d'thug iad moran aire, do dh'fhiosrachadh a mach, ordugh agus laghannan obair na cruith-eachd, agus gu'n do theagaisg iad do na daoine oga 'bha nan sgoilean, ma thimechioll nan reultan, m'an gluasadan, ma mheid an t-saoghail, agus ma chumhachd nan diathan neo-bhasmhor* (De bello Gall. lib. vi.)

An am an-shocair, no tinneis mor sam bith, chuir na treubhan Ceilt-each, coslach ris na Cinnich uile, moran earbsa ann an siantan (charms), agus am measg nan rud faoin' so, bha a ghloine ro-ainmeal. Se'n t-ainm a thug *Plini* do'n ni so *ovum anguinum*, se sin, *ubh na nathrach*—oir thug na Draoidhean a mach gu'n robh iad air am faotainn o nathraichean, le moran seoltachd agus cunnart, mar a tha 'n rann so a cuir an ceill,—

* The philosophical narrator, says Dr Lindsay Alexander, winds up his account by the pithy reflection :—"So great is the religiousness of the nations in matters for the most part frivolous." A just enough remark, observes Dr Alexander, but which he might have applied nearer home, for the Druids had less of it than Pliny's own countrymen, the flamens, the augurs, and Pontiffs of the Roman Mythology.

* A polytheist might speak of a monotheist sacrificing to the immortal gods—the phraseology would be natural to one who always thought and spoke of the objects of his own worship in the plural.—Dr Alexander's "Iona," page 34.

..... The potent adder stone,
 Gendered 'fore the autumnal moon,
 When in undulating twine
 The foaming snakes prolific join ;
 When they hiss, and when they bear
 Their wondrous egg aloof in air ;
 Thence before to earth it fall,
 The Druid in his hallowed pall
 Receives the prize ; and instant flies,
 Followed by the envenomed brood,
 Till he cross the crystal flood.

A reir aogais, cha robh nì sam bith anns na h-uibhean so ach paideirein a bha air an deanamh do ghloine air iomadh mendachd agus seorsa dath. Ach cha do chuir na Draoidhean earbsa gu buileach anns na nithean amaideach so ; oir, tha *Plini* 'g-innse dhuinn gu'n d' rinn iad feum mar an ceudna do luibhean, gu sonraichte an *uil-ioc*, mar a thuirt mi cheana, an *Selago* (*Juniperus Sabina*) agus an *Samolus*, gne 'lus a bha fas ann an bog-laichean (marshes), agus gu bhi uidhseil gu leigheas galair, no tinneas a measg spreidh ; ach os cionn gach uile nì, chuir iad moladh air stuamachd, surdalachd, agus gluasadachd, no saothreach chorporra, agus cha'n fhaod mi 'dhi-chuimhneachadh, gun do theagaisg iad gu durachdach, nach robh stà ann an cungaidh leighis air bith, as eugmhais beannachd Dhia.

A reir *Strabo*, bha trì orduighean a measg nan Draoidhean. Be a cheud ordugh, an Sagart,—be so an Draoidh ceart, mar a their sin, a thug ainm, cha be 'mhain do na Draoidhean, ach do'n treubh uile, na Druidhnic,—Be dreuchd an t-sagairt a bhi frithealadh do'n Chreideamh,—bha e mar an-ceudna na fhear-ceartais agus na fhear-lagha. An deigh an t-sagairt thainig am Bard ;—Be a dhleasanach a bhi cur an ceill, mar a dh'ainmich mi roimhe, ann a ranntachd, eachdraidh an treubh uile, ach gu sonraichte a moladh nan gaisgeach. An deigh a Bhaird thainig an Faidh (vates, or ouates),*—Be 'faidh, am feallsanach (philosopher) am measg an treubh. Be a ghnathaich sa 'bhi toirt fainear oibrichean Naduir, agus a bhi 'g innse roimh laimh ciod a bha gu tachairt.

Tha reusan againn a bhi creidsinn gun robh Ard-Sgoilean do gach inbhe aig an am sin, ann an iomadh aite ; ach ged a bha iad dealaichte o cheile agus neo-eisiumail each, bha iad uile, fo ughdarras Ard-Shagairt na Coibhi-Druidh, mar a bha e air ainmeachdh. Bha an oifig so cho urramach, 's gu'n robh na h-uile neach a toirt umhlachd dha, agus a cur muin-ghinn na dheagh run, agus na fhocal, mar lagh Dhia. Tha so air a leig-eadh ris dhuinn anns a ghnath-fhocal :—†

Ge fagus clach do'n Iar,
 'S faigse na sin cobhair Choibhi.

Smith's Gaelic Antiquities, p. 8.

Bha dealachadh mor eadar eideadh nan Draoidhean agus eideadh an t-sluaigh eile. Air na Draoidhean bha'n trusgan uachdarach a ruigheachd nan sailtean,—cha ruigeadh e ach an glun air daoine eile,—Bha feus-

* While *Strabo* gives the Orders as above, *Ammianus Marcellinus* gives the last, "Eubages." Dr W. Lindsay Alexander starts the hypothesis, that probably *Ammianus* has mistaken the candidates or pupils for one of the Orders, and that "Eubages" is a corruption for the Celtic *euphaiste* (good or promising youth).

† The Arch-Druid was chosen for life,—when the office was vacant, if there was no one of unquestioned superiority, a person to fill it was elected by the suffrages of the rest. Sometimes, however, it was decided by an appeal to arms.—*Cæsar de Bellis Gall. lib. vi.*

agan nan Draoidhean ro-fhada,—air mhuintir eile, seach na bilean uachdrach, goirid. Ghiulain gach aon dhiu agian air dhealbh araidh, ceangailte air an crios,—bha curachdean geal air an ceann, air an deanamh dreachmhor le obair òir, a bha air dhealbh fuaragain (fan-shaped)—slat gheal,—sian, air ubh-dhealbh, a bha air iom-dhruideadh ann an òr, agus air a chrochadh o'n mhuineal, agus os cionn gach ni eile, bha peall gheal (white pallium).

A bharr air na trusgain sin, bha aig an Ard-Dhraoidh, cleoca geal, aig an robh iomall air a dheanadh maiseach le òr,—ma thimchioll a mhuineal, bha slabhraidh òir, agus o'n t-slabhraidh sin, bha crechte, mir tana do dh'òr, air an robh sgrìobhte na focail, "Tha na diathan ag iarraidh iob-airt." Air aghaidh a churaichd bha iomaigh na greine do dh'òr, fo leth gealaiche do dh'airgiod, a bha air a cumail suas le dà Dhraoidh, aon aig gach bior (cusp), dhith.*

Chaith am Bard, maraon, cleoca geal, ach currachd ghorm, agus air a deanadh sgiamhach le òr, air chumadh na h-ur-ghealaich (crescent-shaped).

Air an Fhaidhe bha cleoca glas, no speur-ghorm (sky-blue), le curachd gheal air a h-ainmeachadh, curachd an Fhaidh, agus be 'shuaicheantas, rionnag òir, air an robh sgrìobhte, "Bheir breitheanas Dhia peanas geur do dh'aingidheachd."

Cha'n eil teagamh nach do dhaingnich an sgeadachadh riomhach sin mar bu mhiann leo, cumhachd nan Draoidhean os cionn an t-sluaigh; oir, 's ann thuige so a bha'n reachdan agus an cleachdaidhean uile gu leir ag aomadh.

Ach, ma bheir sinn fainear an t-aineolas agus a mhi-riaghailt, a bha san am sin, cha'n e mhain a' measg nan Ceilteach, ach a' measg nan uile shluaigh ma'n d'fhainig creideamh Chrìosd na'm measg, feumaidh sinn aideachadh gu'n robh uachdaranachd nan Draoidhean suidhichte air bonn na b'fhearr na bonn ceil agus fein-bhuannachd. Ach air an laimh eile, ged a bha na seann riaghailtean so 'ga'n cleachdadh o am nam prìomh-athraichean gu tim Iulias Ceasar, chi sinn gu'n robh e neo-chomasach an sluagh a thogail leo, ach gle bheag, gu finealtachd agus deadh-bheusan.

Faodaidh sinn fhaicinn mar an ceudna nach cuir reusan an duine, na beul-athris, a mhain, air aghart, ach gu staid araidh, riaghailt-chreideamh air bhith. Gun chomhnadh o thaisbeanadh Dhe, 's ann a theid e air ais.

'S ann dìreach mar so a thachair do na treubhan Ceilteach uile, ach gu sonraichte do na Druidhnic Bhreathuinnich. Chaidh iad air ais, a bheag, 's a bheag, re iomadh ghinealach, dh'ìobair iad simplidheachd a chreideimh mar a fhuair iad e o na prìomh-athraichean, gus an d'fhainig iad fo smachd agus thamailte na'n Romanach; agus a' sin dh'fhosgail iad, mar gu'm b'ann, am broilleach do chreideamh ioma-dhiathach nam Paganach uaibhreach sin.

Mar a thubhairt mi roimhe, fhuair cuid dhiu uaigneas agus fasnadh ann an eileanan I agus *Anglesea*, far an d'fhuirich iad car aimsir, a cur an cleachdaidh, diomhaireachd agus deas-ghnath an creideimh, ged a bha iad a nis air an cuir suarach le'n naimhdean. Ach aig a cheart am a bha na

* These were the dresses of the ordinary, and arch-druids, as quoted from Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall's *Ireland*, vol. i., p. 296, by W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D.

Druidhnich, mar so, air an isleachadh, bha freasdal Dhia ga'n deanamh ullamh; a chum greim a ghabhail air Soisgeul Chrìosd.

'S ann mar so a sheinn Wordsworth :—

The Julian spear
A way first opened ; and with Roman chains,
The tidings came of Jesus crucified ;
They come,—they spread : the weak, the suffering hear ;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

“Faodaidh e bhith,” arsa sgrìobhadair d' ar tim fein,* “gu'n robh an creideamh Druidhneach na bu ghlaire na saobh-chreideamh Paganach air bith eile, agus air thaobh gliocais, gu'n robh e na b'fhearr na h'uile reachd a b' urrainn duine a chur suas. Ach tha a'r creideamhne Diathach” (divine).

Anns a bhliadhna cuig-ceud agus trì, no ceithir, thar thri fichead (563-4), thainig Colum Cille a nall a Eirinn, agus a dha-dhuine-dheug eile maille ris, agus, mar a dh'ainmich mi roimhe, thainig iad air tìr ann am Port-a-Chuirich, air feasgar a cheud di-luain do'n Bhealtuinn. Ghabh iad an t-aiseag ann an curach, no bata, bh' air a deanamh do shlatan caoil, air am fighe coslach ri croidhleag, no bascaid mhor, agus bha so, a rithist, air a chomhdach le croicinn, na seicheannan bhò, ga deanamh dìonach.

Cha'n ann gun trioblaid a bha e comasach do na daoine naomha sin a bhì cur suas anns an tìr; oir, bha na Druidhnich ro-mhiotlachdach agus ro mi-chairdeil riu, 'n uair a thuig iad gu'm be'n run stad anns an eilean. Cha be sin uile, ach thainig daoine borb o'n eilean Mhuileach a chuideachadh leo, gu'n cuir air falbh, agus chuir iad Colum Cille iomadh uair an cunnart a bheatha 'chall. Tha *Bede* ag innse dhuinn an uair a chaidh Colum Cille a dh'ionnsuidh *Bhrude*, rìgh nam Piceach, a chum 's gu faigheadh e dìon o naimhdean (oir, anns an am sin, bhuineadh I do'n rioghachd Phìcìch), dhùin iad dorus na daingneachd na aghaidh, agus cha leigeadh an rìgh na choir e, oir bha e ro-dhiombach ris.

Air am eile, bha e cur seachad na h-oidhche ann am baile beag, agus chuir a naimhdean na theine an tigh 's na ghabh e fasgadh. Nuair a bha e ann an eilean Himla, thug duine borb oidheirp air pic a ruidh troimh chridhe, ach chuir Finduchan (aon da chuideachd), gu sgiobalt' e fein eatorra, agus fhuair e na bhroilleach, a bhuile a bh'airson a mhaighistir, ach rinn am freasdal dìon dha, oir bha cota tìgh leathrach air, agus mar sin bha 'bheatha air a caomhnadh, cho mhath ri beatha a mhaighistir.

Am freasdal a dhion Colum Cille san am so dh' fhuirich e mu'n cuairt dha, gus an d'thug e, le theagasg, le ghliocas, le chaoimhneas, agus le naomhachd a bheatha, buaidh air a naimhdean uile, agus mar so, choisinn e cliù agus urram o gach inbhe, ach gu sonraichte, choisinn e deagh ghean nan daoine allmharach, fiadhaich agus aineolach, a thainig e shoillseachadh le soisgeul na slainte, agus mar so, le beannachd Dhia, thainig e mun cuairt, nach robh an t-eilean beag so na eilean nan Druidhneach nis fhaide, ach ann an cainnt Wordsworth :—

Isle of Columba's cell,
Where Christian piety's soul cheering spark
(Kindled from heaven between the light and dark
Of time), shone like the morning star.

* Dr Smith's Gaelic Antiquities, p. 84.